

The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **God Is So Everywhere—Edna B. Hawkins**
- **If You Can't Get Away—Nicholas Titus**

AUGUST, 1960—25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

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No vacation away? Some families find it impossible to vacation away from home. (True, some are so beat from the trip that they wished they had not gone!) By choice or by fate you may find yourself among those who stay at home. Nicholas Titus provides some suggestions worth considering in the article, "If You Can't Get Away," for making that stay-at-home vacation the best yet!



Ache! Gloom! Estrangement! None of this for you if you can find the way out. Read the dialogue, "A Teen-ager Can Climb a Rainbow," by Sherman R. Hanson. It was written

for young people, but grownups like to climb rainbows, too!

Worrying? Why do we spend so much time courting anxiety? "Worrying over Children's Grades?" An Ex-teacher, Mother of five, and Grandmother of seven, says, "Don't worry." Her family proves the point.



Got to have a glove? Money? A new dress? A barrage of wants and Mother and Dad may be caught in a trap, and Son and Daughter may be judged good or bad. Vera Channels raises the question, "When Are They Good?"—a question parents need to face.

Need inspiration? Don't overlook the article, "God Is So Everywhere," by Edna B. Hawkins or miss the portrait of Jessie Griffin Skinner painted by Susan C. Chiles in "The Bravest Woman That I Know."

The Cover: The out-of-doors has its appeal especially in the good ole' summertime. For families, the glowing darkness and the twinkling stars may have a special appeal—a constant reminder of God's magnificent creation and love.

Coming Soon: "School Is Your Job, Too!" by Harriet and Ed Dowdy; "When the Family Worships" by Samuel and Catherine Pugh; "They Walk Alone" by Harry F. Martin; "Write a 'First Birthday' Letter" by Sue H. Wollam; "Pressure on Bobby for Better Grades" by Roy Bernard Jussell; and by Nell Dunkin, "Go!"

Until then,

R. C.

GOD IS SO

Everywhere

By Edna B. Hawkins

AS A CHILD I learned the teachings of Christ from his classic Sermon on the Mount in a most unusual manner.

Next door lived a family named Meek and the children delighted in taunting me with the third Beatitude, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." They would turn to the fifth chapter of Matthew for proof. I ran home to ponder this many times, searching for a possible explanation concerning God's favoritism toward the Meek family. My rebuttal was this: "The earth will be destroyed eventually. I would rather be pure in heart and see God."

"Why?" they inquired.

"He is so big," I answered. "God is so everywhere."

When I was thirteen and had

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forgotten the perpetual bickerings with the Meek children and they had become my dearest friends, a blind evangelist came to Canton, Georgia, my hometown, for revival services.

One night a storm raged while he was in the pulpit. The winds lashed the trees, whipping them against the stained-glass windows. Little children pressed close to their parents, frightened at the fury of the storm. The ravishing wind and splattering rain almost drowned the voice of the minister, but he continued. Finally the lights flickered a moment and blinked out. The sightless man of God, unaware of the darkness, went on with his message. Someone whispered to him about the dilemma, but he was so concerned with the spiritual darkness of the world, the physical condition could not stop him. How glad I am that he was. Through him I began to understand the omnipotent, omniscient Creator. As I grasped his hand in the candle glow and pledged my life to the Christ of the blind man, I realized with keen awareness that God is not confined but can be found in every place.

As I write, I am drinking in the beauty of a winter wonderland, and lo, He is there. From my windows I can see the snow birds and I wonder why they are liveliest and best when the world is robed in her crystal-white dress. Is it because

God and the Wind

On warm, sunny summer days when you go for a walk in a field, you see the works of God around you. Your dog, little sister, rocks, soil, grass, trees, birds, a toad; all are the works of the Lord. A puffy, white cloud "ship-sails" across a "sea" of blue sky to disappear on the "horizon" of green tree tops. And then a gentle, warm breeze passes, giving life to the grass and trees; and it seems to say: "Rejoice at the beauties of Nature and Life, for I am the Lord, Creator of Nature and Love."

Marcia Kay Hansen, Grade 11A

they are bond-free, loving only the living air, the sky, the sea, and know they can soar above the bleakness when they choose? Is it because the Creator has endowed them with an extra sense of beauty, causing them to feel, even when the earth is darkest, the upward surge of living things in the ground, anxious to be born? While they frisk so joyfully, I beg them to teach me faith as they know it. I know if they could, they would assure me that God is so everywhere.

Yesterday I walked into an ancient church which stands on a busy downtown street. I listened to the words spoken by a little bespectacled preacher, over the body of an humble man. When we filed out the narrow door, snow greeted us, swirling in feathery whiteness about our heads and causing us to sink deeper into our winter coats. I spoke to a few people I remembered from yesteryear, who had come back, as I had, to pay respects to a lifelong friend at his passing. They clasped my hand for a moment, then wiped the tears from their eyes and forgot me. For they were thinking as I was of the pastor's words, "He was a poor man as the world measures wealth, but rich in the things that really matter." Those who shared his life and knew him well did not try to hide their suffering. They were poor people, most of them, who display emotion, regardless of properness or place. In that hour form and good taste meant little, for they had lost a friend.

When I entered the church I looked about for costly wreaths, but there were none. A few bunches of flowers tied with simple bows of ribbon, bought with the Saturday rent money I supposed, lined the altar. Tears glistened on the careworn cheeks and weather-beaten hands clutched at the backs of the benches. This was sufficient testimony to his greatness.

I, too, had known this good man many years ago. I went back to my hotel room, prepared to forget the shabby surroundings, the unprogressive people, and indulge myself in the sights of the city.

However, the strange thoughts that came to me as I sat in the silence beneath a cracked ceiling followed me to the comfort of a swank hotel. Late last night I wrote in my diary, "Today in a carpetless chapel I witnessed all the essence, the true meaning of life." The faces of the simple hearted people swam before me. I saw them as one, gathered to bid farewell to a man never known beyond the county confines. Here he had lived out his days in poverty. What was the reason for his life? Why do they weep at his passing?

It must be this, I concluded: This good, kind man had found God in the meaner drudgeries of life, in the out-of-way places, in remote situations, and he had shared him with all he knew.

I remember well another day when new life quivered within me and God held my hand. I awoke that balmy Sunday, knowing something strange and beautiful was about to happen. I hurried with the breakfast dishes, made extra desserts, cakes, and sandwiches, wrapped them lovingly, and left them for the one I was leaving behind to serve himself, while I went on my journey. I surveyed every inch of the house to see if things were in order as I had planned.

Then just when the earth was pulsating with the joy of resurrection, the spring air, vibrant with the music of a thousand throbbing throats and the beauty of a Carolina countryside was almost beyond bearing, we reached the hospital and found a tiny baby girl.

There was a hospital chaplain standing near when I opened my eyes to witness the miracle of life. When he realized I was fully conscious, he uttered a short, sweet prayer for both of us. I shall cherish the moment always. I'm sure he was sincere, although it was a bit of a habit for him, a part of his job, it was not like that at all for me. I closed my eyes and in the cool, clean dark I felt again the assurance that God is so everywhere.

IF you can't get away

Have Fun Vacationing at Home!

by Nicholas Titus

DOES YOUR FAMILY FACE the situation of "No vacation for us this year?" Vacations away from home are impossible for some families for a number of reasons. Perhaps father has just taken a new job, and no vacation is due him this year. The work pressure may be such that father cannot be spared, even for a brief vacation; or the family cannot get away because of illness, lack of funds, or other reasons which may tie the family to their home.

Your family can still have a vacation, however, even though they stay at home. In fact, there may be some discoveries and rewards which will come in no other way except through the experience of a vacation at home.

What are some possible activities which can help a family have a happy and creative experience in their homemade vacation?

In discussing the vacation at home, the members of the family should be careful not to make the one responsible for this situation feel guilty, whether it's the working father, or the child attending summer school. There will be other years in which to visit the far-off vacation lands. The family can say, "This year, let's make the most of our vacation at home!"

All the members of the family should be brought into the planning of what to do during this period. The possibilities should be considered in the light of the interests and needs of all persons making up the family group. Planning should be specific for each day as well as parts of each day. As the result of this discussion, there should emerge a schedule of events, as well as an indication of responsibility and work assignments for each member of the family.

Plans for a vacation at home should be started at least a month before the time when the period will begin. This will give ample time to obtain needed information about nearby places of interest, materials, and equipment. It will also allow for time to make needed changes in the plans if this becomes necessary. Besides, early planning will give the family something to look forward to as they anticipate their vacation at home. As we all know, eager anticipation is an important part of any vacation, or any new experience.

Afternoons, evenings, and week ends can be planned so that the working member or the "at-school" member of the family is included in the activities. Week ends may offer the chance to do some limited traveling. In this regard, a helpful book for reference is *Low Cost Trips for the Whole Family* (In

Minister, Eastwood Baptist Church, Syracuse 6, New York.



There are lots of things to see even in one's own back yard.
—Orlando from *Three Lions*

Eastern U.S. and Canada—from 2 Days to 2 Weeks) by Robert Meyer, Jr. (Greenberg, N. Y.). The book also contains helpful suggestions on packing, as well as games to play in the car.

What are the prospects for a good vacation at home? Some of this depends on the nearness of the home to places of recreation and interest. However, a successful vacation at home depends largely on the resourcefulness and imagination of the persons who do the planning. Here are some suggested activities which can be worked into the plans.

1. Short Trips to Nearby Places of Interest.

Almost every visitor to a city sees things which the long-time resident hasn't seen. These local attractions can be visited during the vacation at home. Often these include museums, historical buildings, parks, old cemeteries, local industries, and other points of interest. A visit to the local radio or television station could be included in the plans for the family during this period.

Some families will want to visit some of the unusual church buildings in their area. These could range from the oldest, most historical church building to the newest, most modern house of God. Of course, the family should learn as much as possible about these places of interest before they arrive. This will give them a greater appreciation of what they are seeing.

2. Picnic Trips.

This activity can be incorporated with a family swim at a nearby lake, remembering to swim before eating, or to allow sufficient time to elapse for safe swimming after eating. If a lake or natural swimming area is not available, there are city pools which can be used. Perhaps arrangements can be made with a nearby motel to use their swimming pool. Of course, swimming should be done only at places

where there are adequate supervision and provisions for safety.

The family picnic can include a hike along nature trails through a park or woods. Permission might be obtained from farmers to use some of their woods or fields for a family picnic. A co-operative farmer might even give a city family a tour of his barns, explaining the equipment and introducing the animals. On the other hand, a country family might enjoy a picnic in a city park, followed by a tour of a factory, fire or police department, or a social agency.

If all the members of the family can ride a bicycle, extra bikes can be borrowed or rented so that everyone can go on a bike hike. A sack lunch can be carried, and the bike hike can follow some of the lesser-traveled roads into the countryside. New places of interest can be discovered this way. Be sure to take along a first aid kit, a map of the area, and materials for tire and other repairs.

A compass hike can take the members of the family to a designated spot, by means of a map and compass. This can be coupled with a sack lunch, with the family eating after they have arrived at their destination.

A boat hike can be planned by the family, with members of the family taking turns rowing the boat. Here again, a meal can be prepared by outdoor cooking, or can be brought as a picnic lunch, to be eaten along the shore of the lake or stream.

—Lil & Al Bloom



Local attractions can be visited during the vacation at home. These may include historical buildings, museums, local industries, or, as for this family, the zoo.

A flip-the-coin hike can take the family into an unexpected part of town. The family starts for the nearest corner. When they arrive, some member of the family flips a coin. Heads, the family goes to the right, tails to the left. At the next corner, the coin is flipped again. Again, heads they go to the right, tails to the left. A surprise stop at a corner lunch counter or soda bar, will refresh the flip-the-coin hikers.

3. Back Yard Camping.

Almost any size yard can be adapted for living in the out-of-doors, as the following suggestions may show.

The children will be delighted to help pitch the rented or borrowed tent, if the family does not possess one of its own. On the other hand, the family may decide to build a makeshift shack or lean-to, as their shelter from the sun or rain.

Areas in the yard can be marked out for sunbathing, sleeping, cooking, and eating. Other areas might be reserved for croquet, badminton, tether ball, or similar games. A wading pool or swimming pool is a great asset to the back yard camp.

The family should try to make the yard as livable and comfortable as possible. This will be their out-of-doors home for a while. Primitive skills should be used whenever possible, with a minimum use of dad's power tools. Benches, tables, chairs, and other equipment can be simply made by lashing boards together with binder twine. The family can be challenged by the goal of making the back yard camp as rustic as possible.

As in all camping, the family can learn much about nature while living in their back yard camp. They will have the opportunity to observe the birds and other wild life. With a good bird book and binoculars, they may be able to identify some birds they haven't known before. The grasses and the flowers in the back yard can also be studied with the help of a good book on nature study.

The magnifying glass can bring to the family the new and wonderful world in their own back yard. Insects, worms, and animals can be found and observed. An ant palace or insect zoo are projects which can be developed in most back yards.

If the family decides to sleep out at night in the yard, there will be other interesting activities. "Diamonds in the night" can be observed by placing a lighted flashlight at the end of the nose and looking down the beam of light into the bushes or grass. Eyes of insects will flash back a gleam of colored light, to the amazement and delight of the observer. At certain seasons the fireflies may be seen in the early evening. The members of the family may enjoy catching these little insects and placing them in a bottle to watch them glow.

When the lights are out in the neighboring houses, the family will enjoy looking for constellations of stars in the night sky. Some member of the family can be prepared to read or tell the story of some of the constellations.

As a closing activity for the back yard camp, a



A vacation wouldn't seem complete without sun bathing, swimming, and boating. A stay-at-home vacation can give the time wished for such activities.—*L. Beadnell from Gendreau*

campfire with a marshmallow roast or popcorn popping will bring the family together in a wonderful way. The telling of stories around the dying embers of the fire, the singing of songs and hymns, will draw the family into an unforgettable experience. A family "talk-it-over" time can review some of the things for which each person thinks the family can be thankful. After the singing of taps, and a prayer or sentence prayers by several members of the group, the family can start turning in for sleep.

4. Outdoor Cookery.

In the out-of-doors, the family can experiment with aluminum foil and other simple methods of cooking. It will be fun to try out new recipes, with different members of the family taking their turn at cooking. Different kinds of fires can be used. Some families will want to try primitive cooking with log fires. Others will resort to modern camp cookstoves. Care should be taken that mother isn't simply moved out of the kitchen into the yard with the same responsibility for cooking every meal. Paper plates and plastic tableware can help insure the vacation aspect of the outdoor cookery. Of course, everybody helps with the meals.

Suggested menus for outdoor meals are available in most books of scouting and campcraft. Meals should be kept simple and wholesome. It won't seem like much of a vacation if most of the time is spent preparing meals.

5. Outdoor Projects.

A family can center its vacation around the completion of a new project around the house. It should be an outdoor project, if possible. Some possibilities are the building of a rock garden, adding to the garage for bicycles or tools, improving the landscaping, constructing a rustic fence, building a swimming or wading pool, erecting a bird bath or bird feeder, or any other do-it-yourself project.

The work can be shared by all members of the family. Whenever possible, the effort should be made to switch jobs, so that everyone will have a new experience doing something different from his usual work. For example, while mother and sister continue using the saw or paint brush, father and brother can start getting the outdoor meal.

The work project ought not to consume the entire day. Some time should be planned for play. The family can decide together how long to work on the project and how much time to allow for a picnic at the park or some other activity. The project should not be a burden, but fun for the entire family.

Some member of the family may enjoy taking candid camera shots of the family in unusual poses. These pictures can help tell the story of the entire vacation. Later, they can be placed in a scrapbook, along with souvenirs or notes on some of the places visited.

6. General Principles.

The wishes and ideas of each member of the family should be taken into consideration in the planning. It may not be possible for all the members of the family to be together all the time. This may not even be advisable. However, there should be certain times when the members of the family are together for planning and carrying out some of the mutually agreed-upon activities.

The stay-at-home vacation should take into consideration the need for a change of pace for the mother. Considerable effort should be made to place the mother in a role other than her customary one of chief cook. Her advice and counsel can be most helpful, but other members of the family should share in the responsibility of preparing meals as often as possible.

Some of these activities can be shared with a guest family. Two families with children of similar ages can enjoy doing some of these things together. Of course, most of the time should be spent together by the individual family, so that the persons of that family can grow to know and appreciate each other in new and interesting ways.


Emphasis should be placed on spending as much time in the out-of-doors as possible. The learning of new skills, the development of the ability to create good times for the family, and the willingness to share ideas of where to go and what to do—these are some of the goals of the vacation-at-home. Some of the best times we have in our families are the times in which we create our own happy experiences. The vacation-at-home offers us just this kind of opportunity.

(See meeting plans on pages 24, 25)

A Teen-ager Can Climb a Rainbow

—Photos by A. Devaney

by Sherman R. Hanson



COME ON and climb a rainbow with me, Bea Jay. You have the time. Life has given you a leftover minute. What are you doing with it? You are sitting in blue and contemplative solitude on your worn front step. In that gray spot you are right at your dark door and right on your stark street. You are hemmed in by heavy tenements, unyielding iron work, churlish traffic. The sun shines over the city. Your own world seems cloudy and threatening. You can get above its storm, Bea Jay, if you will climb the rainbow. I assure you, the rainbow is there.

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St. Louis 66, Missouri.

What will you think of yourself, Bea Jay? No matter what else you may think of in this cutoff moment, you will think of yourself. What will you conclude? An ache throbs within you. Will you think of yourself as ache? A gloom palls over you. Will you think of yourself as gloom? A feeling of estrangement haunts you. Will you regard yourself as estranged? A yearning pulses deep within you. Have you got it in you to be yearning? Yearning is your rainbow, Bea Jay. Climb it. Come on, I'll climb with you.

Your neighborhood, Bea Jay, seems somewhat closed off. You do not have to be restricted by it. Your yearning can take you above it. You cannot get away from it, perhaps, not soon. You can get above it. Your community seems to offer you only limited opportunities for self-expression and achievement. Your yearning can lead you to many opportunities you otherwise would not see.

You are longing, Bea Jay for something to do that is exciting, absorbing, glamorous, and meaningful. At the moment you are finding nothing to do but sit on the steps, or perhaps on the garbage cans beside the steps. But, is this so little? Is this without promise? From either the steps or the garbage cans you can climb the rainbow. Such a climb would be wonderfully meaningful.

You are thinking about things right now, Bea Jay. You are thinking, a little cynically and a little resentfully, about dingy dwellings, unromantic garbage cans, ugly fire escapes, unkempt streets. You are thinking, a little forlornly and a little disappointedly, about shabby schools, uninspiring teachers, catty teen-age girls, uninteresting dates. All the unlovely and unpromising aspects of life seem to orbit about your community and taunt you.

Bea Jay, if you can think about the whole of a culture you need not be imprisoned by any one of its parts. Let your soul, while still belonging to the you that sits there on the steps, climb the rainbow that arches above them and above the street and buildings. Climb a bit. Very soon you will see beyond your street, beyond your block, beyond your school. You will see the el, the superhighway, the library, the theater, the church. Climb a little higher. You will see friendly girls in interesting clubs, chivalrous boys who can like a girl for the girl's sake. Climb a little higher. You will see rivers, fields, lakes, mountains, oceans, lands, and meaningful people doing meaningful things.

From the rainbow which is your yearning you can see the universe. It is a universe which God created to be beautiful and meaningful. He created it to be beautiful and meaningful for you, Bea Jay. It is a magnificent universe. It is an inviting universe. It is a universe full of opportunities. Use it. God gave you your life. God gave your life to you. God gave you freedom and possibility. He gave you a universe in which to be free and achieve possibilities.

You, Bea Jay, are not the product of your environment. You are the product of your feelings and of

A gloom palls over you.

Will you think of yourself
as gloom?



your reactions to your feelings. There are forces in your environment which act upon and affect you. There are also forces within you which react to your environment, to your perception of your environment, to your feelings and understandings. It is the forces within you which control your emotional, intellectual, physical, and spiritual responses to all the other forces that act upon you. The inner forces are determinative. They are you. You ultimately control who you are, what you become, what you do.

You do not have to be ache. You can be vitality. You need not be gloom. You can be light. You do not have to be estranged. You can be good company and make good company. You are not limited by your mediocre teachers. You can be a superior learner. You do not have to put up with nasty girls. You can be a gentlewoman. You are not stuck with rowdy dates. You can be worthy of fellows who are of handsome face and handsome spirit. Come on, Bea Jay, let's climb that . . . Hey! Where are you, Bea? Oh! All right, I'm coming.



SOME LOVE IS FOUND

by Shirley L. Hill

Illustrated by Art FitzSimmons

THE GIRLS' EXCITED VOICES rose to a shrill tumult as the bus rumbled into view. They jostled each other for better positions, and chattered delightedly while the passengers clambered out stiffly.

"There she is!" Malothi called out triumphantly.

A slender girl with a small baby stepped off the bus, and smiled into the familiar faces of her former school chums.

"Rani, let me take the baby," Malothi begged.

"I will get your tin box, Rani didi," offered small Lakkimoni.

The bus groaned a departing wheeze, and covered the crowd of pretty young girls with dust. They, however, were heedless of the discomfort. Rani was home for a visit! Rani, the favorite of both young and old in the mission girls' school, was with them again! With the sweetest, handsomest son any girl could want!

Malothi gazed lovingly into the face of her best friend. Rani had graduated from the school and had married the outstanding young preacher of the Dompapa field. Everyone marveled at her grace, her sweet influence on the simple, village wives. Now, according to Indian custom, the young wife had come "home" for a long visit, to show off her chubby baby, and to bask in the praise and warmth of family and friends.

As they approached the mission bungalow, the chatter quieted. Miss Knapp was standing on the broad verandah, putting drops into an old woman's gnarled ear. She turned and saw Rani, her face wreathed in smiles. Rani took the child from Malo-

thi's strong arms, and quickened her step to nearly a run. In a graceful gesture of love and respect, she knelt at the missionary's feet. Naomi Knapp drew her close, to hug both Rani and the babe. For she was Rani's "family," this was home, indeed. As they looked lovingly at one another, Naomi recalled how Rani's mother had died years before, and had asked the missionary to care for her tiny girl. Rani thought of all the times when she had gone to "Ma" for help, and how secure she had always felt in the love of this wonderful foster mother.

Under the close scrutiny of "Ma," she also remembered that no one could conceal a thing from the Miss Sahib!

"Rani, come in, we will have tea together. You look tired, child. Let me take the baby."

In a twinkling, it seemed, the journey's red dust was washed off, the baby was asleep in a basket, and the table was set for tea. There was cake in honor of Rani's arrival, Malothi noted, for she had been invited to tea, also.

Over the spicy singhara's and scalding tea, they talked. Rani's eyes were radiant, her voice rang with girlish happiness.

Naomi's eyes were on the girl's hollow cheeks; her arms were too thin! Quickly she calculated that Rani's normal weight must be about ninety pounds. Under the faded sari was a much-too-slender body. Rani must have lost over ten pounds since she saw her last! Her experienced eye noted the fingernails, as Rani passed the sugar to her. They were a flat white, with no rosy glow at all. Her blood count must be very low!

"Has it been a good rice year in Bromradhi,

Rani?" she asked casually.

"Oh, yes, Ma, it was a good crop, and my husband's family was able to store enough rice so that we shall have two rice meals a day for the coming year!" Her voice swelled with pride, and Naomi knew, with great thankfulness, that Rani was happy in her marriage, and that the groom's family cherished their *bo* (daughter-in-law), in a most unusual way.

It was not unusual for a young bride to be half-starved in her new home. She would, of course, always be the last one to eat, and if there was nothing left, she ate nothing! In many Indian households, she was treated more as a servant, than a daughter!

The days passed quickly, and the girls fell happily into their old pattern, that of sharing all their joys and problems with Rani. The orphanage children clustered around her knee to hear the lilting voice lifted in happy Santal songs. The baby thrived in the boarding school activity, growing chubbier each day, and gurgling contentedly, to the school girls' delight.

Though she seemed increasingly frail, Rani insisted on doing her share of cooking. She carried water from the well, though the girls vied for the chance to help her. Then one day, as she stirred the thick vessels of *pan bhat* (rice water), she fell over in a

sudden faint. Santo, the dormitory matron, lifted the girl in her arms, and carried her out to the cool shade of the banyon tree.

"Miss Sahib, I am worried. Rani is so thin! I carried her to the banyon tree, and she weighed almost nothing!" Santo's troubled voice rose to nearly a wail, as she came out of the dispensary with Naomi Knapp.

"Santo, I am disturbed, too. We've fed Rani milk and eggs, meat and fresh vegetables every day. We've given her iron and vitamin tablets, the ones that came from America, but she is weaker than when she arrived. If only there were a doctor nearby, who could advise us!"

Malothi stepped out of the sick room, and approached the two older women with a grave face.

"Our sister Rani is sleeping, Miss Sahib. She could not even lift her head to drink water! What is the matter with her?" Malothi asked. A tear had streaked down one side of her face, and she rubbed it away fiercely with the end of her sari. Malothi will be a good nurse, Naomi mused. So strong and objective, yet so full of compassion!

After twenty years in Indian villages, Naomi thought in sudden despair, I must make another life-or-death decision. What can I do to help this child who is like a daughter to me? She ought to be in a hospital, but it would be an awful journey for her,



in such a condition.

Santo put her dilemma into words: "Miss Sahib, the monsoon is over, but the roads have not yet been repaired. Could Rani survive the thirty miles into Khargpur?"

Malothi looked from one anxious face to the other, and then spoke incredulously: "Miss Knapp, Rani is very sick, isn't she? You are afraid that Rani might die on the way to the hospital!" Her question was choked off in a frightened sob.

The missionary saw Boren, her faithful driver, standing at the compound gate. She made her decision, announcing firmly: "Santo, I am taking Rani to Khargpur. You will be in charge of the baby while we're gone." Turning to Malothi, "Come and help me make a bed in the jeep for Rani. We leave within the hour. We must get her to the hospital as soon as possible."

The jeep eased up on a ridge, as Boren shifted gears with practiced speed. It tilted at a fantastic angle, and for one split second, lurched almost out of control. Rani moaned softly, and opened her eyes.

"Where are we, Ma? What is happening?" she whispered.

Before they could answer, her eyes closed and she slipped away into unconsciousness again. Naomi's heart quickened in fear as she felt for the pulse once more. No doubt about it. It was weaker each time!

Down into the depths of a mud hole the jeep slid, and Boren skillfully eased it through the deepest part, his hands damp with tension. They had left Bhimpore over three hours ago. Six more miles of mud holes and steep ridges, before they would reach the paved road. Suddenly the engine coughed as swirling water came up high on the cab. Boren's eyes met the Miss Sahib's in the rear view mirror in one agonizing moment of desperation. Then the faithful jeep, long since named "Chariot of Peace" by the villagers, rose up strongly again, and eased up to dry ground once more.

"But my dear Miss Knapp, why didn't you bring this girl in sooner?" The Indian doctor's face was lined with pity for the missionary and her village friends, who stood before him so hopefully.

"Dr. Roy, we had no reason to suspect anything serious at all until today. I knew she was anemic because of her pale fingernails and colorless eyelids. We had hoped that a diet would strengthen her. What exactly is the matter?" Naomi's serene face demanded a truthful answer, and, not for the first time, Dr. Roy marveled at the sheer goodness written in her face.

He began hesitantly, "Miss Knapp, it is an extreme case of anemia. I do not know how she survived that ghastly trip from Bhimpore. It is a miracle that she is alive right now. Few persons can live with a blood count as low as hers. Prepare yourself. She cannot possibly live through the night!" His voice was harsh with frustration as he turned away.

"Wait, please!" she implored. "What about blood transfusions? Wouldn't that do any good?"

He looked wearily at Naomi, then at Malothi and Boren. His body drooped with exhaustion. He had

been out all night at the scene of a train wreck. Its bloody, twisted nightmare was still before him. He had been raised a Hindu, a Sikh, in fact, one of the "warrior" class of India. His study in England had long since dispelled what Hindu faith had been his. The consuming passion of his life was medicine, healing. He had been head of the Railway Hospital in Khargpur for four years, and one of its rewards had been the stimulating friendship of the American missionaries who labored in the jungle villages of Bengal.

"Why do you bother?" he lashed out at the missionary. "This girl is doomed. She is like millions of other Indians who will die this year for the same reason. Malnutrition. Ignorance. Disease. Who will care if one simple village girl dies? Who will care?"

"You will care, Dr. Roy. I will care. Rani's husband and young son will care." Naomi's voice was filled with hope now, as she finished, "And God cares! Not even a sparrow falls, but God knows, Dr. Roy!"

The tired man straightened his shoulders suddenly, chuckled at the twinkling eyes of the older woman. He herded them decisively into his office.

Half an hour later, they were again an anxious trio facing the doctor. His head shook at them with a grim shrug of disappointment.

"None of you have the right blood type. You cannot be blood donors. The few universal donors we had on hand all gave their blood this morning, to survivors of the train crash." He walked away from them, and Naomi looked through the door at the motionless figure on the hospital cot. She signaled Malothi to stay close to the patient, and then hurried down the gravel path from the hospital. Darkness was falling, lanterns were being lit in the roadside tea shops. She rushed with desperate urgency toward the Khargpur mission house.

"May the peace of God rest and abide with you all," Art Sanford prayed. The Anglo-Indian congregation rose to leave the sanctuary. It had been a good prayer meeting. Then a hush fell over the assembled crowd. A bedraggled figure stood at the doorway. Muddy shoes and crumpled dress were strange attire for their beloved Union Church! Then Art hastened to greet his colleague, and after hurried consultation, asked his congregation to be seated for a moment.

"All of you know Miss Knapp and the work she does with the tribal people, the Santals," he began. "She comes to us tonight with an urgent request. A young girl is lying in the hospital tonight, gravely ill. She is a Santal girl, wife of one of the pastors, and is very dear to Miss Knapp. She needs blood transfusions, perhaps several, all night. Even if the blood is given, she may still die. The doctor does not think she will last the night. Miss Knapp asks each of you right now: Are you a universal donor? Or are you Type B? Will you go with Miss Knapp immediately and remain at the hospital until your name is called?"

There was an awkward pause, and uncertain

(Continued on page 28)

Worrying

over children's grades

by an Ex-Teacher,
Mother of Five,
Grandmother of Seven

BECAUSE CHILDREN'S SCHOOL GRADES so often bring unnecessary grief or unwarranted pride . . . that root of much evil . . . into the home, I want to tell you of our experiences. With all my being, I hope you don't make our mistakes. We have five children, ranging in age from twenty to forty years. When I tell you about them, you may see your own problems mirrored.

Danny always was high strung, inquisitive—the type who gets into everything from the neighbor's apple tree to Grandma's dentures. No one dared to touch his toys, his chemistry set, or borrow his gloves. When he was only nine years old, he converted the attachment tubes of my vacuum cleaner into a telescope with which to scan the skies from the garage roof. By the time he was ten he was doing chemical experiments which made us warn, "Remember, Son, if you blow up the house, you go first." But, his elementary grades were only average, a minus average at that.

Now, his father and mother are both ex-teachers. "Why, oh *why*?" we'd ask each other where the children couldn't overhear us, "Why should the product of two teachers, with a good home library at his command, be only an average student?"

At high school, Danny was chummy with the science teachers and throughout the four years he maintained a straight *A* in their subject. Math and English remained just average; languages, very poor. Danny had to be driven to Sunday church school, but he took great interest in his crystal radio receiving and sending set. He used an empty coffee can for the transmitter. He had all the neighbors sore at us because every time they wanted to get the Lindbergh kidnapping news, Danny was sending chemistry formulas, and Danny was all they could get. Photography now was taking a lot of Danny's time. When he was a junior, he took first prize at the State Fair in adult competition for a shot of lightning he took at midnight during a violent storm . . . probably while we were sweating over those low language grades. Danny took no interest whatsoever in girls.

"Shucks," he'd exclaim. "I can see two shows myself for the price of taking a gal out once."

"OK," we'd wail. "But why don't you pull up those grades? You can't go through life playing

with chemistry sets!"

We tried cutting Danny's allowance, curtailing privileges, denying desserts . . . everything short of corporal punishment. Nothing worked.

"Just so I get by in those Necessary Evils, that's all that matters," he'd mumble while fiddling with a Bunsen burner.

On the morning before commencement, right after Recognition Assembly, Danny telephoned home, "Guess what, Mom? I won ALL THE SCIENCE HONORS the school has to offer. Jeepers! This is the first time in the history of our school any one guy copped them all. Think of it! All the medals, money, scholarships the science department has to dish out!"

NOW, we had something to brag about. Forgotten were the hours we'd hovered over the kitchen table with reading and spelling papers; the "times" tables we recited while doing dishes throughout Danny's grade-school career when I'd exclaim, "If I could pour these tables into your cranium with a funnel, I would!" Forgotten, too, were the poems and other English memory drills in the car to and from high school. Daniel had made a name for himself. *How wonderful!* And how awful for his younger brethren, as you shall see.

Our one daughter, "Sister," is Danny's exact opposite and always has been a very calm person. No mental giant in any field, she can do anything with her hands. If a room needed painting, Sister begged, "Let me do it." Her brothers always said, "Sis's idea of celebrating the Fourth of July is to repaint the porch furniture, or wash the car . . . and we get



—A. Jack Ditoro

roped in." By the time she was twelve years old, Sister handled the sewing machine like a veteran. She could buy up a dime store yardage remnant and turn out a Parisian creation.

"But just look at your grades," we'd moan. "C in everything but sewing and cooking. Anybody can make A's in those subjects!" Can they? Today, marriage counselors tell us that Courts of Domestic Relations are kept too busy because too many brides can't do these things. But, I didn't know that when Sister was a little girl. When she was a high school senior, she won the National Cherry Pie Baking Contest held annually in Chicago which made her the recipient of one hundred dollars and a trip for herself and chaperon (me) to Washington, D. C.

Billy, always obedient, always thoughtful of others, adored Sunday church school. By the time he was seven, his favorite game was preaching us long sermons on one of the Ten Commandments, in which he already was letter perfect.

"He's just trying to get out of the dishes," Sister

happened in our family before . . . and we let Billy know it.

I'll never forget that night, when he clutched his report card and went slowly upstairs, white as a ghost. As I look back on it now, twenty years later, I wonder how *could* I have taken such an attitude? Made my own child feel like an outcast?

Billy didn't come down for supper that night, and we said it was just as well he stayed upstairs and figured things out for himself. No one was hungry. When we finally dragged upstairs to retire, we heard Billy sobbing into his pillow and I snapped, "You should have started sniveling last fall when your grades first started dropping and done something about it . . . before you disgraced the whole family. Why, you've even gone to bed with your clothes on! Get up and take a bath, right now; put your pajamas on and go to bed right, and don't forget to say your prayers!"

As he stumbled down the hall, Billy mumbled, "I, I'm so-o sorry, Mom."

Our lives are songs: God writes the words

And we set them to music at pleasure;

And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,

As we choose to fashion the measure.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, *Our Lives*.

would tease, "or put off his homework, again."

Billy didn't need to do much homework. His grades were perfectly satisfactory, at this stage; but how he fought baths. The only way we got him to change socks was to throw his down the laundry chute after he went to bed. Next morning, he had to get fresh ones. While his room always looked as if a bomb had just gone off in it, he would give you his last piece of chewing gum with a smile. Billy carried home every stray cat he could find. There was an endless stream of sick puppies to be nursed in our basement; but Billy was never on time, anywhere. He put off lacing his high top boots until we were actually in the car on the way to school.

"You old 'Step-and-fetch-it,'" we criticized, "if you were only a little more high strung, like Danny."

Then, while playing Tarzan, because Danny dared him to climb to the top of the tree once too often, Billy fell out of that tree and over a cliff, a fifty-foot drop. Our easy-going, warm-hearted lad suffered a concussion and a broken collar-bone. He lay unconscious for hours.

That next winter, if I sent Billy to the basement for apples, he came up with onions. His grades dropped to D's and E's. We couldn't understand and nagged, "Billy, why on earth don't you make grades like Daniel? Just think, he won ALL the science honors our high school has to offer. Now, he's in college, majoring in science. At the rate you're going, what'll you ever major in?"

When at the end of the semester Billy flunked sixth grade, we were completely crushed. *That had never*

All that summer, while other children were out whooping it up and soaking up sunshine; while other mothers sat on their screened porches, knitting, Billy and I were cooped in the basement reviewing sixth grade. Session after session broke up in tears, on both sides of the study table. Certainly it wasn't the teacher's fault Billy had failed. Bewildered, after six weeks of private tutoring, I had to admit that Billy wasn't retaining! Why? What had happened to our A student?

Then, one day, while giving my crestfallen lad his weekly shampoo, I discovered a bald spot as big as a quarter in his thick blond hair. In less than a month, Billy, at eleven, was completely bald. Panicky, we hurried him from one doctor to another. Had he picked up something in the school gym? In the barber shop? Was it contagious? Would the other children get it? No, it wasn't ringworm, the skin specialist was sure. Finally one physician diagnosed the case as shock. Had Billy been in an automobile accident? No. Then had he had any other kind of shock within the last year? Billy asked, "Could falling out of a tree and over a cliff make shock?"

"Could it? And how!" the doctor exclaimed, and decided Billy had injured his pituitary gland in the fall.

For two years Billy marked time, physically and mentally. He didn't add an ounce of weight, nor grow one-fourth inch taller; just when other boys are simply shooting up. All this time he had to take the slights and insults of thoughtless schoolmates

who called him "Baldy," or ignorant adults who kiddingly asked him, on buses or in stores, "Hey, kid, what jail did they let you out of?"

By the time his fourteenth birthday came, Billy seemed fully recovered. His grades went back to B's. He played in the high school band and was an all-around good sport . . . but his hair never grew in again.

There are seven years between Billy and Freddy, and seven between Freddy and Tommy. From the very beginning, Freddy was spoiled. After this many years have elapsed, I can stand back and look at my family objectively, which you just can't do while you still are rearing it. Perhaps because of the age gap, the three older children treated Freddy like a baby too long, made too big a fuss over him; and his parents might have been guilty, too. He was such a handsome lad, and everyone told him so. His heavy shock of gleaming blond hair was a contrast to Billy's glistening bald head, and he washed and brushed it constantly. If I wanted Freddy to sit still in church, all I had to do was get settled in the back pew and provide him with paper and pencil. He drew pictures by the hour, no matter where we went.

With those big blue eyes and flashing smile, Freddy "worked" parents and teachers alike. Before he was out of the sixth grade, he was dancing and "going steady" with the governor's daughter, no less! She happened to be in the same grade at school. Now this *was* something new for us. Daniel didn't date at all until he went to college. Sister and Billy were high school sophomores before they dated; neither went steady until years later.

"Get your mind off the girls and onto your school work," we ordered, "and stop doodling. You'll never go places, like Daniel. When I was your age I made straight A's. Why can't at least one of you do that, I'd like to know!"

"Now, Mom, we've heard that so often we're beginning to believe it," Freddy's blue eyes twinkled like Christmas tree lights as he playfully untied my apron strings and scampered across the room before he added, "But I betcha you never had the good time I'm having." How could he know? Because I didn't want to prejudice them against their grandparents, I had never told my children that my too-strict German parents actually spanked me the few times I slipped from first to second place in monthly grade-school exams.

To have dates costs money. We made a hard and fast rule. Each lad must finance his own. "If Dad has any money to spend on corsages," I told them, "then, don't forget I'm his steady, not your current heart throb. Girls don't want a corsage from old men, and if Dad paid for it, that's what it would amount to." So Freddy took a paper route until he was sixteen. On his sixteenth birthday he took a job in a drugstore. "It pays better," he explained while brushing his hair, "and you get discounts on perfume and candy. Makes dating cheaper."

At school his lady teachers fell for Freddy to such an extent they volunteered to stay after school and

on their own time practically pushed Mr. Handsome through high school while he doodled away on cartoons. By the time Freddy graduated, compulsory military-registration had gone into effect. Why go to college? He'd just get pulled out, wouldn't he? He might just as well keep on working until Uncle Sam sent him to Korea.

Not go to college? Unheard of in *our* family! How bigoted can parents get?

At 19, draft clouds ignored, Freddy eloped with a fellow drugstore clerk, and that's why he didn't want to go to college.

When Tommy, our youngest, a straight C student, didn't want to go to college, did we gnash our teeth and worry over those C's? Over his decision to go directly into the Air Force from high school? Not so you can notice it. He'll come out all right. You see, I've turned off the worries.

After years of nursing measles and mumps, of wiping running noses, of nonsensical weeping over grades, I know children have various backgrounds. In only four generations, each of us has acquired 256 ancestors. One has only to go back to 1684 and the number of forefathers each of us has is 1,684. Those ancestors, for all we know were doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs; rich men, poor men, beggarmen, *thieves!* Each of our children have inherited some of their good, some of their bad qualities, in various proportions. Isn't it surprising they turn out as well as they do?

I am proud of how our brood is turning out. By the time he was 23, Daniel had his Ph.D. degree. During World War II, he worked in industry for two years, taught chemistry in a New York University, and won a scholarship which took him to Denmark for a year's graduate work. Listed in *Men of Science*, he is today a happy husband and father, teaches a

(Continued on page 28)

Wilbur



"Why don't you let somebody know when you're starting a fire?"

Dottie Takes Care of the Family

by Millie Tolle

DOTTIE was *such* a little girl! She wasn't old enough even to go to school. She watched Cousin Marta who had come to take care of Mother and the new baby brother. Marta was getting lunch.

"I want to take care of Mother and baby brother, but I'm too little," Dottie said, and she frowned a big frown.

"You could bring in the milk from the back porch," Marta suggested.

"That isn't taking care of them," Dottie objected.

"It would help me get Mother's breakfast. That

would help take care of her."

Dottie brought in the milk. She set it on the shelf in the refrigerator.

"You could put the knives and forks around the table. That would help take care of Daddy and me."

Dottie put the knives and forks around the table.

"Here is some milk. Would you like to pour it into Kitty's dish?" Marta asked.

"That would help Mother, 'cause she can't do it now," said Dottie, with a smile.

"Dear, dear! Those plants in the yard look almost wilted, they are so dry," Marta complained.

"Could I water them?" Dottie asked.

"If you are careful."

Dottie was very careful. She gave water to every plant. "I guess that is taking care of Mother," Dottie said with a smile, "'cause she couldn't do it herself now."

"That's right," said Marta.

After lunch, Marta was sweeping the kitchen.

"I want to sweep," Dottie begged, "but that broom is too big."

"Why don't you sweep your play house with your little broom? And sweep off the walk in front of it?" asked Marta. "That would make the yard look neater."

"But I want to help, like you."

"That would help you learn to sweep. Then you could do a good job when you are big enough to use the big broom."

"Is learning helping?" Dottie wanted to know.

"Sure enough. Every time you learn to do some new thing it is like being that much bigger, and helping that much more."

Dottie smiled a big smile. She swept her play house.

After dinner Marta was washing the dishes.

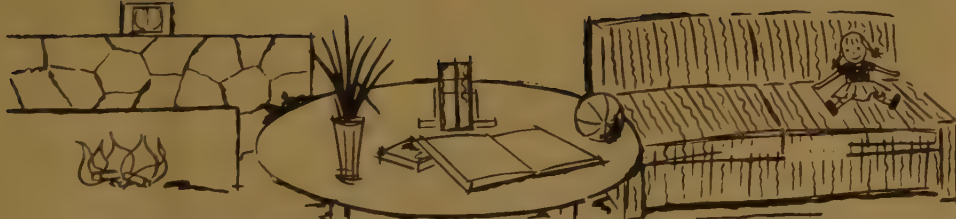
"Am I big enough to dry the dishes?" Dottie wondered. "Would that be taking care of Mother?"

"I think that would be taking care of the whole family," Marta answered.

Dottie carefully dried the dishes as Marta showed her. Dottie said: "I like to take care of the whole family. I'm glad I don't have to wait till I'm a big girl," and she smiled a great big smile.



Illustrated by Winifred Jewell



FAMILY WORSHIP

The home is the child's first, and in some ways the best, school. He learns so many different things at home that it would be difficult to list them all. In addition, children learn all the time and one does not always know just what has been learned at a given time or place.

To the young child, eager to explore his world and to master as much of it as he can, there is a sense of wonder, awe, and amazement at each new discovery. These moments can be turned to worship as the alert parent, recognizing what the child feels, says with reverence, "This is part of God's plan."

Unfortunately, as children grow older, some of them lose the sense of joy and wonder in learning. Fortunate is the child who retains it throughout his school years. Parents who recognize and point up these high moments by relating them to God may help the child to sustain the joy and thrill of learning. Thus all new knowledge may be for him a high adventure.

Answering Questions

Most children are full of questions. It is an easy and quick way to secure information. How do you answer your child's questions? Are your answers the kind to stimulate your child's desire to learn, or will they dim his interest in learning and his awe in finding out what he wants to know?

Children want to do what pleases their parents, but they do not always know how. When you realize this and are careful to remember it when your child asks questions, you will be much happier and family friction and contention will be avoided. For example when junior asks, just as you are about to sit down to dinner, "How does electricity get into the light switch?" a happy atmosphere is created if you answer, "That's an interesting question! As soon as we are seated at the table we can talk about it." Be sure, then, to keep your word, even if you must say as you talk about the question, "I don't know, but we'll try to find out." Finding the answer also can be cause for worship as you say, "I'm glad God gives us minds to wonder, think, and find out!"

Parents' Attitudes

Children learn from their parents' attitudes. Some parents are baffled when their children begin

to show prejudice, hostility, and strong feelings. It is difficult to estimate the power of such subtle things as a raised eyebrow, the shrug of a shoulder, the tone of voice, facial expression—especially when they are connected with deep emotion.

Of course, not all such teaching is negative. Deep religious feelings and attitudes are communicated in the same way. When parents spend time in private personal worship as well as with their family; when they pray about and read the Bible to try to find answers to their problems, this is not lost on their children. The learning may be deepened when parents share with children, at the level of their ability to understand, something of the problem and the way in which they solve or meet it. This, too, may be worship as the parents say, "No matter what happens, God has planned a way for us to find help and strength."

Theme for August: Learning

Bible Reading

The Bible speaks of learning. Read for your own study and meditation Proverbs 1:7-9; 3:1-4, 11-12; 4:1-9, 20-22; 20:11; 22:6, 17-21; Isaiah 1:17; Luke 2:41-52; 4:16; Ephesians 5:10; 2 Timothy 2:15; 3:15. Verses for worship are from these passages.

The general theme for the month—"Learning"—is broken into four weekly themes. The first week the emphasis is on learning that takes place in the home; the second is on learning at church; the third, learning at play; and the fourth, learning at school. These are common experiences of children for which to praise and worship God. (See the article, "Worshipping Over Children's Grades?" page 11.)

Materials for Worship

The next four pages contain worship materials. If you feel more secure using an order of worship, choose from them the scripture reading (the Bible verse), a meditation (the story or things to think about, according to the age of your children), and the prayer. If your family enjoys singing together and can do so easily, you may add a favorite hymn related to the emphasis.

Any of the materials may be used informally. That which is not suitable for children of all ages is marked to indicate those for whom it is appropriate: (K) preschool children; (P) children in the first three grades of school; (J) children in grades four through six.

A Bible Verse

*Even a child makes himself known
by his acts,
whether what he does is pure
and right.*

—Proverbs 20:11

Prayer

Thank you, dear God, for your plan for the home that is just right for me. I'm glad for all that my family does for me. Help me to listen and to learn what I need to know in my family so that we may all love and help one another. Amen.

I'm Glad for Friends (K,P)

I'm glad for friends God helps me make,
For games we play together,
For loving friendship that they give
Through sun and stormy weather.

I'm glad for friends whose hearts are true,
For we can help each other;
But, most of all, I'm thankful for
My best friends—Dad and Mother.

—Dorothy Walter

What Ellen Learned (K)

Buddy was playing with his toys in the yard. When Ellen heard him cry, she looked out. Most of his toys were on the ground.

"Ellen," Mother called, "would you like to teach Buddy a game?"

"Yes, Mother," Ellen said, running into the kitchen. "What can I teach him?"

"You could teach him to pat-a-cake," Mother said.

Ellen went to the yard. She picked up all of Buddy's toys and put them on his table. He thought that was the game! He threw them onto the ground again. Then Ellen crouched down before him and began to pat her hands together and say, "Pat-a-cake."

Buddy watched Ellen. Then he began to pat his hands just as she did. After a while he tried to say what she was saying.

Mother came outside. "Thank you, Ellen," she said. "Both you and Buddy have learned something. He learned a game. You learned how to be my good helper!"

"I'm glad," Ellen said as she skipped happily in to lunch.

Evening Worship (P,J)

When it's time to go to bed,
And daytime fun is through,
Then Mother reads a Bible verse
And sings a song or two.

She sings of many things God made,
Of stars and birds and flowers,
And how God watches over things
Through all the long night hours.

I'm glad for Mother's singing
About our God above
Who watches us through all the night
And keeps us with His love.

—Dorothy Walter

Learning the Game (P,J)

Grandmother had come to visit. She brought a croquet set. The family was enjoying the game. Today Bruce and Richard were playing.

"That isn't the way to play," Bruce said crossly. "This is how it's done!"

"What do you know about it?" Richard asked. The boys did not realize that Grandmother was in the yard.

"Both of you know a little about the game," Grandmother said, and Bruce looked ashamed. "But, both of you will know more before the summer is over," Grandmother went on. "Each of you can learn from the other, and improve your game that way."

"But how can Bruce teach me when he doesn't know any more than I know?" Richard wanted to know.

"I said you could learn from one another," Grandmother reminded him with a smile. "Let's talk about how we learn."

"By watching others," Bruce said. Other answers came fast: "By trying," "Seeing the mistakes of others," "Imitating the good shots another makes."

Grandmother nodded at each answer. "That's the way families learn," she said. "It is part of God's good plan."

The boys found this to be true!



—Eva Lucoma

Church Is Fun (P,J)

Tommy liked to go to church. Each day he asked, "Is this Sunday?"

When Mother answered, he always told Tommy how many more days it would be until Sunday. "Tomorrow we will go to church," she said.

As the family walked to church, Tommy sang, "I like to go to my church."

"Why do we go to our church?" Ellen asked.

"To learn about God and Jesus," Mother said.

"We go to school to learn!" Billy said. "At church we have fun."

"Let's think about that," Father said. "Tell us how you have fun."

"Singing is fun. Looking at pictures is fun. Listening to stories is fun," Billy said.

"Do you ever learn the songs you sing?" Mother asked.

"Sure," Billy answered, then he smiled. "I see," he said. "Even when we have fun, we can learn."

"Yes," Father agreed. "What have you learned about when you learn a song?"

"Why the song," Billy began. Then he said slowly, "In some songs we learn about Jesus, or God, or about our church."

Ellen and Jack had been listening. Jack said, "We learned about Japan in one of our church songs."

Father nodded. "Songs help us to learn many things. What else have you learned?"

"We learned about God's plan for water with some pictures our teacher had," Ellen said.

"And we learned about milk from a story," Jack added.

"Well, here we are!" Father said. "As we go home, each may tell what he learned, and how."

"I like to go to church," sang Tommy. All the others agreed!



—George A. Hammond

A Bible Verse

Do your best to present yourself to God as one approved, a workman who has no need to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth.

—2 Timothy 2:15.

Prayer

Dear God, thank you for church. We are glad to go to church to learn of you and of how you want us to act. Help us to live what we have learned. Amen.

Tommy's Church (K)

When Tommy got to church he went to his room.

"Hello, Tommy," Miss Hall said. "You are just in time to help me!"

"What can I do?" Tommy asked.

"What would you like to do?" Miss Hall asked. Then she added, "There are plants to water. There are fish to feed. There are pictures to put up. There are books to be put on the book table."

"I'll feed the fish," Tommy said. He liked to watch the fish dart through the clear water. He liked to see them swim to the top of the water, open their mouths for pieces of the food, then swim to the bottom of the bowl.

"Miss Hall," Tommy asked slowly, "why do we have fish at our church? When we were at Grandmother's house and went to her church, they didn't have any fish."

Miss Hall smiled. Then she said, "We have fish in our room at the church because they help us to learn about God's plan for his world. Fish are a part of that plan. When we keep their bowl clean and feed them, we are working with God in his good plan for his world."

Tommy nodded. Then he sang, "I like to go to my church!"

What Can We Give? (K,P)

God made this lovely world
Where you and I may live,
He made the land and sea;
All things are His to give.

What can we give to Him
Our daily thanks to show?
We'll give Him love and praise
As day by day we grow.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

I'm Glad for Church (P,J)

Above me in the treetops
I hear a songbird sing,
While far across the valley
The steepled church bells ring.

I love the quiet meadow
Where scarlet poppies nod,
The birdsong in the meadow—
They make me think of God.

I'm glad for hills and forests,
For we can meet God there;
I'm thankful, too, that we can go
To His sweet house of prayer.

—Dorothy Walter



—Bob Taylor

Charlie's Football (K)

Charlie was in his yard wearing his football helmet and holding his football. He threw the ball, ran to pick it up, and threw it again. This wasn't fun! He needed someone to play with him!

Joe came out of the house next door. "Joe," Charlie called, "come over and play with me."

Joe looked at the helmet on Charlie's head. He looked at the football in Charlie's hands. Then he said, "Okay!" The boys threw the football a few times, then Joe kicked it.

"Don't kick my football!" Charlie screamed.

Joe looked surprised. "Why?" he asked.

"You might break it," Charlie said.

"But a football is to be kicked," Joe said.

"No!" Charlie said. "If you kick it, you can't play." So they threw it a few more times.

"This isn't fun," Joe said, and went home. Charlie sat down on the steps.

Mother came out. "Why aren't you playing?" she asked.

"Joe wants to kick my ball," Charlie answered.

"That's what it's for," Mother said. "If you want children to play with you, you will have to learn to share ideas as well as toys."

Charlie sat on the steps. Soon the door opened in Joe's house. "Joe," Charlie called, "come back. You can kick my ball."

"Okay!" Joe answered. And this time it was fun!

A Bible Verse

"Learn to do good."
—Isaiah 1:17.

Prayer

I'm glad, dear God, for all my friends and playmates. When we play together, help me to learn many things I need to know. Some of them are easy and I am glad to learn them. Some of them are hard. Help me to have the courage to learn and change so that all of us will have happier times. Amen.

Growing

We grow a little every day,
So slowly that we do not see
How strong our arms and legs have grown,
How straight and tall we've come to be.
And every day we're learning, too,
What fun it is to play and share
With friends who also help us know
Of God's good planning and His care.

—Claire B. Saalbach

Rules for a Christian (P,J)

The juniors were talking about good football players. "You have to know the rules of the game," Don said. "If you don't, you can't be a good player."

"It takes more than that," George said. "It doesn't help to know the rules if you don't keep them."

Several heads nodded. "Sure," Al said, "that high-school player last year made so many fouls that the referee finally wouldn't let him play at all!"

"But is it enough just to keep the rules of the game?" Miss Jackson asked. "Is there anything else, as Christians, that we need to keep in mind?"

The boys and girls looked surprised. Then they began to think. Alice was the first to speak. "I guess you play to win, but Christians should know it is more important to play fair than to win."

"Why?" Miss Jackson asked.

"You don't feel right if you don't play fair," came the answer. "You think everyone knows it when you cheat." "It's hard to lose, but it's harder to know you're not honest."

"You have to think of the other team, too," Don said. "They want to win and if both teams play fair it is good sport and everyone feels right."

Again heads nodded around the room.

"What can we do to remember this when we are engaged in any sport?" Miss Jackson asked.

"By always being Christian—playing fair in all things. Praying helps; reading the Bible, going to church, talking to your parents," Dottie said.

"Dear God," Miss Jackson prayed, "help me always to remember to ask your help to be Christian. Amen."

Theme: At School

A Bible Verse

*My son, be attentive to my words;
incline your ear to my sayings.
Let them not escape from your sight;
keep them within your heart.
For they are life to him who finds them,
and healing to all his flesh.*

—Proverbs 4:20-22.

Prayer

It is fun, dear God, to learn many different things.
Thank you for my school and for all those from
whom I learn. Amen.

What Larry Did (P.J)

Larry liked basketball! He wanted to play, but something seemed to keep him from it. He just went to the playground to watch the other boys play.

"Larry," Mr. Holmes asked, "you always are out here watching. When are you going to play?"

Larry shrugged. "I'm not tall or heavy enough."

Mr. Holmes nodded. "You'll grow taller, but you can't do it overnight. Perhaps you can gain weight. What else can you do about it?"

"I don't know," Larry answered.

"Think it over," Mr. Holmes said, and turned away.

Larry did think it over. He resolved to learn to eat all the food Mother put on his plate. He would learn to like milk. He would practice hard.

One day Dad was working in the garage and heard a thud—thud—thud. He went out to find Larry running, turning, shifting in the narrow space, throwing a basketball at a spot on the wall.

"Good work, Son," Dad said. "I'll fasten a wire hoop to the wall. That will help you more."

One day, Larry went to the playground. He was no taller. He was a bit heavier. But he was fast! When he was surrounded by the boys, he could turn and throw the ball so quickly they were surprised!

"Looks like you've done something," Mr. Holmes said.

"Yes, sir," Larry answered, "I've learned a lot."

"God planned for all of us to learn," Mr. Holmes went on, "but we have to decide what to do about it."

When School Begins

The schoolhouse door will soon be open wide,
With children gathering,
Laughing and talking,
Tossing their balls and playing on the slide.

Lord, may we be

Happy to join

Our big school family.

The schoolhouse yard will ring with voices clear,
With new children watching

The others finding

Favorite friends from their classes last year.

Lord, help us be

Friendly to old and new

In our school family.

—Grace McGavran¹

A Good Plan (K)

Gary could hardly wait to go to school! Big brother, Walter, went every day, and Gary did so much want to go with him.

"Next year you will be old enough to go to school," Walter comforted Gary. "I'll tell you all about it when I come home each day." And he did!

Gary especially liked to have Walter tell him about how to play basketball. After listening, Gary would jump up, run a few steps, then toss an imaginary ball through an imaginary basket. It was fun!

When Walter studied spelling, or arithmetic, or anything else, Gary would ask, "Why do you have to learn that?"

"So I can learn something harder next year," Walter would say with a smile.

"Why do you have to learn harder things?" Gary wanted to know.

"Because that is God's plan for people," Walter answered. "Everything you learn helps you to learn something else."

"Will I do that, too?" Gary asked.

"Yes, of course, you will," Walter said.

"Oh," Gary replied, "I like that plan."

¹From *All Through the Year*, copyright, 1958, The Bethany Press. This poem originally copyrighted by W. L. Jenkins, The Westminster Press. Used by permission.



—Ewing Galloway

When Are They Good?

JOHNNY CAME HOME from school one Friday and went directly to the kitchen where his mother was preparing dinner. "Mom, I've got to have a baseball glove by Monday," he said.

"Do you have enough money for it?"

"No. I have three dollars and the mitt costs five dollars."

"Then," said his mother, "I guess you'll have to wait until you've saved up your allowance. You know that's the rule."

"But I gotta have it Monday. All the other guys have 'em."

By this time his father was coming in the driveway and Johnny dashed out and said, "Dad, I've got to have a baseball glove by Monday."

"Do you have enough money for it?"

"No. I have three dollars and the glove costs five dollars."

"Then," said his father, "I guess you'll have to wait until you've saved up your allowance. You know that's the rule."

"That's not fair! That's just what mother said. You're mean! Mean! Mean!" Johnny slammed the door in his father's face, kicked his mother's ankles as he went through the kitchen and stomped up the stairs to his room.

Was Johnny being a "bad" boy? What is right and what is wrong? How right and how wrong is it? And why is it right or wrong? Johnny's parents, like most other Christian parents, wanted their



—Ewing Galloway

by Vera Channels

child to have a set of moral standards to guide his life and they felt responsible for helping him set the standards. When Johnny is older, his moral decisions will become more involved. He will be tempted to cheat on an examination. Is it more wrong for him to copy than it is for him to let someone copy from his paper? What if he feels sorry for the rather stupid, unhappy, but very appealing classmate? If he loves him, won't he be compelled to help? Or, if he loves him more, won't he be compelled to prevent him from cheating? When Johnny gets to high school, he will wonder about many things. Does a Christian young person ever neck? How far do boys and girls go in their physical relationships and still remain Christian? What work shall I do in the world and on what basis shall I choose it?

These are questions which can't be ignored and can't be laughed off by conscientious Christian parents. They must be met with all of the understanding and insight which parents can bring to their command. A deep religious faith and a thirst for thoughtful application of that faith is an indispensable aid.

Jesus provides the example for us to follow. His life and teachings demonstrate basic principles for living which we must think about and apply to our daily lives. The two fundamental principles which Jesus stressed are the principle of love and the principle of truth. Jesus said that the great commandment was, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind" (Matt. 22: 37-38). And, as he came to the end of his life, he said, "A new

Free-lance writer with a special interest in family life.

commandment I give to you, that you love one another; even as I have loved you" (John 13:34). With regard to truth, he said, "If you continue in my word, you are truly my disciples, and you will know the truth, and the truth will make you free" (John 8:31-32). Both of these principles come from God who is love and truth. When we truly worship God, revealed by Jesus, truth and love result.

The principles of love and truth must be applied in at least three ways. They must apply to God, to others, and to ourselves.

How did Johnny violate the principles of love and truth with regard to God? Johnny's life at the moment was oriented only toward himself and his own selfish desires. He lost his perspective on life, did not think about love and truth, and did not consider right from wrong. Had his life at the moment been oriented toward God, he would not have thought or felt or acted as he did.

How did Johnny violate the principles of love and truth with regard to other people? Johnny was not very concerned for others during the episode except as they could provide what he wanted. If he had been concerned with others, he might have stopped to think how his parents provided him with many essentials for his life as well as a generous allowance to use as he chose. He might have remembered that he had spent his allowance on the movies, candies, gum, and comics even though he knew he should save some of it for the ball glove. Had Johnny been thinking of the intelligent and selfless love which Jesus showed toward others, he would not have slammed the door in his father's face or kicked his mother.

How did Johnny violate the principles of love and truth with regard to himself? Johnny was not loving himself very much during this time because he was not living up to the image he had of himself as a boy who loves his parents and thinks of others as well as himself. We must love ourselves. When we know that we are God's children, we can feel

lovable. We gain a feeling of worth and significance in the world and we hold an image of ourselves which helps prevent us from doing wrong.

Moral decisions are hard to make. We can help our children when and if we do it with love and truth as our own guide. Soon our children will be making their own decisions without our help. If we teach them to ask God for his help, to look to Christ as an example, and to be as loving and truthful as possible, they will have guidance in times of confusion and bewilderment. When a child is able to understand the love and truth of God at his level of experience, he is better able to tell right from wrong and act on that basis.

Involved in the effort to teach right and wrong to our children is the whole problem of discipline. Many parents think of discipline as punishment in the form of spankings and denial of privileges and other devices to force children to live and act according to the parents' standards of good and bad. Does not this violate the principles of love and truth as they apply to God, to others, and to ourselves? From the Christian point of view, discipline of children is helping them to gain a conception of themselves as children of God. Children gradually learn to love and understand God and to learn more of the life and teachings of Jesus. They begin to sense that God has a will and a purpose for the world and for them as individuals. This makes a difference in the way they think and feel and act.

Discipline which comes from within is the kind which parents should try to develop in growing children soon to be responsible for their own behavior. One of the steps in developing inner discipline is the Christian use of forgiveness in the building of strong character and stable personality.

Creative Christian forgiveness is forgiveness with love. If Johnny's parents had chased after him and given him a good sound spanking, he would have been punished. But he would not necessarily have been forgiven and certainly nothing

creative would emerge out of this retaliative behavior on the part of the parents. Johnny's parents, confronted with misbehavior, will not stop loving Johnny. Because of their love they will wish to understand Johnny and the reasons for this bit of behavior. They will seek together to understand, to forgive, and to reaffirm their love for one another.

If Johnny's parents are wise in their handling of this situation, they won't let Johnny bribe them into forgiveness or blame someone else, or even get by with saying, "I'm sorry." Instead, they will show him that forgiveness is something that cannot be earned but which is freely given in love when he asks for it, recognizing how he has broken the relationship of love. Through this experience on the human level, Johnny can learn that God's love, too, is freely given and that his parents are just the instruments through which God's love is displayed. He will learn also of God's judgment as he feels the dis-ease in his mind for his actions.

The relationship between Johnny and his parents can now proceed on a new and deeper level. Johnny feels loved and forgiven and challenged to discontinue his misbehavior. His parents have greater understanding of themselves and their child, greater love for each other and their child, and a challenge to better parenthood. It is only God's love, showing through individuals, that is creative and powerful enough to put a damaged relationship on a new and deeper level. God's love is revealed to children in proportion to the parents' understanding and contact with God. Christian parents should strive to be so close to God that they can love their children deeply and wisely, revealing to them a portion of God's love.

There are at least two parts to forgiveness:

1. As a child senses the love and forgiveness from his parents, he will feel relieved and restored and forgiven.

2. He also will be raised to a higher level of future behavior because he has sensed the redeeming

(Continued on page 30)

by Vera Channels

1. What Is Morality?

Purpose or objective of the meeting: To help parents think through and determine Christian principles of morality and how they may help their children develop moral and ethical ideals and behavior.

How the leader can prepare for the meeting in advance: Try to have the meeting in one of the homes or in a friendly and informal setting. The chairs should be placed in a circle so that the group may exchange ideas easily. Plan some introductory remarks to help everyone feel comfortable and to elicit their participation. The leader should ask each one in the group to read the article before he comes to the meeting and he should read it himself. He should have the main points of the article in mind, think of at least one example for each major point, and think of his own answers to the questions which are raised.

If all members of the group have not read the article (which is to be desired), he should ask someone to read it and be prepared to summarize it briefly for the group. Ask four other people to read the

article and come prepared to share some moral question which has come up in his family within the past month.

Conducting the meeting: Have the article reviewed briefly. Let one person share the problem which he has come prepared to present. Let the group find answers or solutions to the problem in the light of the article and their own original thinking on the matter. The Christian implications of the problem and the solution should be kept before the group. Discuss the questions listed below.

Questions for discussion:

1) What determines whether or not an issue is a moral issue?

2) What can be expected of children at six years, at twelve years, and at eighteen years respectively in understanding moral issues?

3) Discuss in what way cheating in a game is a violation of the principle of truth.

4) Discuss what might have happened if Johnny's mother and father had disagreed about his need for a baseball glove.

5) Enumerate what you think Johnny learned from his experience and what the implications are for his future growth in the Christian way.

6) Cite examples in your family, church, or community in which a moral issue, solved in a Christian way, had tremendous influence for good.

Additional Reading:

Christian Growth in Family Life compiled by Richard E. Lentz, The Bethany Press, St. Louis, Missouri, 1959, \$1.

Making the Most of the Time by Christopher T. Garriott, The Bethany Press, St. Louis, Missouri, 1959, \$3.

Scattered Showers, American Theater Wing play.

Integrity for Tomorrow's Adults by Blanche Carrier, Thomas Y. Crowell, 1959, \$3.

Putting Your Faith to Work, by John A. Redhead, Abingdon Press, 1959, \$2.

Understanding Ourselves as Adults, by Paul B. Maves, Abingdon Press, 1959, \$2.

2. Discipline Through Creative Forgiveness

Purpose or objective of the meeting: To help parents understand the part which creative forgiveness plays in disciplining children.

How the leader can prepare for the meeting in advance: See notes in the meeting plans for "What Is Morality?" regarding the physical

arrangement of the room.

The leader should ask each person to read the article and write an anonymous statement of a discipline problem he has faced in the past month in his home. The solution to the problem should not be given. The leader should read the article himself and have points

well in mind. He should write out a discipline problem which he has faced in his home during the past month. He should also think up illustrations and answers to questions raised in the article.

Conducting the meeting: If the members of the group do not bring

the statements of discipline problems, allow a few minutes at the opening of the meeting for them to be written.

Begin with the statements turned in by members of the group. Read each one and let the group discuss a suitable solution from the Christian point of view. Consider what the implications of this solution will be for the future development of the adults and the children involved.

When this has been done, someone may wish to volunteer the information that he wrote the problem situation and turned it in. He may wish to explain what actually took place and compare the solution with those suggested by the group. No pressure should be put

on anyone to do this, however.

Questions for discussion:

- 1) What are the advantages and disadvantages of treating disciplinary problems in the traditional way?
- 2) How does punishment violate the principles of love and truth as they apply to God, to others, and to ourselves?
- 3) What are the dangers of the inner discipline or conscience as a guide to behavior?
- 4) In what ways could Johnny's parents have been at fault in bringing about the unpleasant episode? At what point did judgment enter into this situation?
- 5) To what extent does the re-

lationship between the parents influence the child's conception of love and truth?

6) Discuss a discipline problem from your childhood which has lasting influence on your life.

7) What is the relationship between judgment and forgiveness?

Additional Reading:

Children and Other People, by Robert S. Stewart and Arthur D. Workman, Holt, 1956, \$2.90.

The Parent-Teacher Partnership, by Ernest Osborne, Teachers' College, Columbia University, 1959, paper, 60 cents.

Understanding Your Child, by James Hymes, Jr., Prentice-Hall, text ed. \$2.25.

KNOW YOUR HYMNS

by Louise D. Phillips

Who was the composer of these favorite hymns? Find his name in the hymns. Place the correct letter in the blank space. Read downward.

The composer's name is _____
Let me introduce him to you.
His father was a barber-surgeon and hoped that his son would be a lawyer.

The composer showed musical talent very early and at eight years of age, began training under a famous cathedral organist at Halle in Saxony.

At nine, he was master of the organ, violin and oboe, and wrote a musical composition every week.

Along with his hymns his famous oratorios "The Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and "Samson L'Allegro" are as well known today as 200 years ago. He lived from 1685 to 1759.

MY —OD, I LOVE

T—EE

O GOD OF LOV—, O KING OF

PE—CE

AWAKE MY S—UL, STRETCH EVERY—ERVE

I KNOW THAT MY —E

—EEMER LIVES

LONG A—O THE

FRI—NDS OF JESUS

JOY TO TH—

WOR—D

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR —LOCKS BY NIGHT

(Answer George F. Handel)

Resource Materials

Low Cost Trips For the Whole Family

(In Eastern U.S. and Canada from two days to two weeks) by Robert Meyer, Jr. Chilton Co., Philadelphia, \$2.75.

Your Own Book of Campcraft, Catherine T. Hammett, Pocket Books Inc., N. Y., 35 cents.

A Field Guide to the Birds, R. T. Peterson, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, \$3.95.

Native N' Creative, Thelma Stinson, General Board of Education, The Methodist Church, P. O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tennessee, 40¢ per copy.

Basic Science Education Series, for primary, junior, and junior high ages, Row, Peterson & Co., Evanston, Ill., @ 48 or 52 cents.

Flowers, H. S. Zim and A. C. Martin, Simon & Schuster, N. Y., paper \$1.

A Child's Book of Stars, S. Barlowe, Maxton Publishers, Inc., N. Y.

Stars, H. S. Zim and R. H. Baker, Simon & Schuster, N. Y., paper \$1.

A Child's Book of Butterflies, Edward Godwin, Maxton Publishers, Inc.

Spiritual Values in Camping, C. M. Bowman, Association Press, N. Y., \$3.

God Plans for Happy Families, Elizabeth B. Jones, The Warner Press, Anderson, Ind., \$1.95.

Let's Play, LaDonna Bogardus, Office of Publication and Distribution, 475 Riverside Drive, N. Y. 27, N. Y., 70 cents.

How to Plan and Build Garden Pools, Fountains, Swimming Pools, Sprinkling Systems, Recreation Areas, R. R. Hawkins and C. H. Abbe, D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc., 250 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3, N. Y., \$2.50.

The Home Owner's Complete Outdoor Handbook, Emanuele Stieri, Prentice-Hall Inc., N. Y. 11, N. Y., out of print.

How to Landscape Your Own Home, R. S. Malkin, Harper & Brothers, N. Y., \$4.95.

I. Families Working Together

Two meetings for parents' classes

1. Purpose of the Meeting

To help families discover possible projects around the home in which they might engage during a vacation period. To explore possibilities of back yard camping as a part of a vacation at home.

2. Leader Preparation

Bring to the meeting good books on hobbies, campcraft, woodcraft, nature study, and photography. Pictures of families around outdoor fires, or in work clothes, can be posted around the room. Colored slides of families engaged in work projects can be ready for showing.

Invite your scout troop to put up a tent and outdoor cooking equipment in the meeting room. Some scout leader may be willing to explain some of the skills which might be used in the back yard camp.

3. Conducting the Meeting

Start the meeting by asking the group for suggestions of possible work projects. Write these on a blackboard. How many of these involve people doing things not normally done by them? If father is a carpenter, it won't be much of a vacation for him to build an addition on the garage. On the other hand, he might enjoy helping build a rock garden or doing some other landscaping in the yard.

What are the possibilities of back yard camping? Shall we buy tenting? Rent it? Improvise our

own shelter? Do we sleep out of doors? How often shall we plan to eat outdoors? Shall we cook on an open fire, or use a camp stove? What do we do on a rainy day?

What kind of games are suitable for the yard? Can we make some of these games? What is the best way to study nature in the back yard? What equipment is needed for nature study?

How can the family use the back yard in such a way that they will get the feeling of being in another place? Can the tenting and other equipment be quickly packed and used at a nearby park for a week end?

Role play the situation of a family cookout. Encourage the players to use their imagination in developing the situation, from the building of the fire to the cooking and serving of the food.

Discuss the role playing. Did the family say grace in the out-of-doors? Suggest several ways in which grace can be said by a family eating out-of-doors. Can a family have devotions or a worship experience in the back yard or in a park? How can this be done most effectively?

Allow time for the scout leader to explain the camping equipment and outdoor skills. Special attention should be given to the proper handling of the knife, axe, and other dangerous tools.

Show colored slides of a family in a camp setting. Try to show as many action slides as possible with different members of the

II. Vacation Trips at Home

session groups based on the article, "If You Can't Get Away," page 3

1. Purpose of the Meeting

To help families discover resources in their own locality where they can find recreation and inspiration.

2. Leader Preparation

Get a supply of folders and printed materials about nearby places of interest. These are often available, free of charge, from local chambers of commerce or convention bureaus.

City, county, and state park departments will also have materials free for the asking. These will describe the facilities in your area available for families with limited time and money to spend.

Maps and pictures can be posted on the walls of the meeting room. Snapshots of families engaged in some of the activities mentioned in the article can also be placed around the room. Colored slides of families visiting some of the places nearby can be ready also, if available.

Talk with some family who has done this sort of family planning for a vacation at home. Be ready to share any suggestions learned from them. Or, better still, invite this family to come to the meeting

so that they can tell firsthand their experience with vacation trips at home.

3. Conducting the Meeting

Start the meeting with a sharing of experiences. Some families may have already faced the situation of planning vacation trips at home. Where did they go? What plans did they make in advance? How expensive were the trips? What suggestions do they have to offer, based on their experiences?

Introduce the guest family. This resource family can tell how they planned and carried out their vacation trips at home. They may have pictures or slides to show.

What about the actual planning of a vacation trip at home? How is it done co-operatively, with children sharing in the plans? Here is an opportunity for role playing. Select several parents to take the role of mother, father, son, and daughter in a family group. Have them sit before the group and begin talking about a schedule for their short trips to nearby places. Encourage the players to assume as realistically as possible the role they are taking. If there is conflict of opinion, let

them feel free to bring it out.

Following the role playing of the family planning session, ask the members of the group to comment. Did the father assume too much authority? Were the children real? Was there evidence of give-and-take in the family council? What suggestions can be offered for resolving some of the differences of opinion which were expressed in the family planning?

Members of the group can suggest possible trips for those in your area. These can be listed on a blackboard during the latter part of the meeting. A mimeographed sheet of these suggestions can be made available to the members of the group later.

4. Closing Worship

Closing worship can include the reading of Psalm 19:1-6. Use the prayer "Thanksgiving For the World" on page 187, and the reading of "The One Thousandth Psalm" on page 178 of *Hymns for Creative Living*. Suggested hymns to use are "This Is My Father's World," and "God, Who Touchest Earth With Beauty." These are also found in *Hymns for Creative Living*.

family carrying out responsibilities.

4. Closing Worship

A colored slide of a beautiful nature scene, or a family group working together, can be left on the screen during the worship. Use "Work for the Night Is Com-

ing" or "We Plow the Fields and Scatter," both are found in *Hymns for Creative Living*. Use the prayer "Our Home" on page 186, and the poem "Some Gay, Adventurous Thing" on page 177 in *Hymns for Creative Living*.

The reading of Psalm 90:13-17

can bring out the theme of a family work project. Especially appropriate are the words, "Let the favor of the LORD our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

The Bravest Woman That I Know

by Susan C. Chiles

"DEAF!"

Jessie Griffin Skinner said the word aloud to her husband:

"Our sons are deaf!"

She had refused to believe her own impression or that of members of her family that her twin boys could not hear, but now that she had it from the best authoritative source she was crushed. From the first moment she saw them, she had dreamed of what she and her husband would do for the two good-looking, husky youngsters. Higher education was a must in her family—an impossibility, she thought, for her boys.

It was a town grief. Pretty little Jessie Skinner, who grew up in Independence, attended the public school and the nearby church, had been away only during the college years at Central Missouri College, Warrensburg. She had come back from college to

Free-lance writer, 821 West White Oak, Independence, Missouri.



—Profile of Jessie Griffin Skinner by Peter Fernald
Courtesy of Central Institute for the Deaf

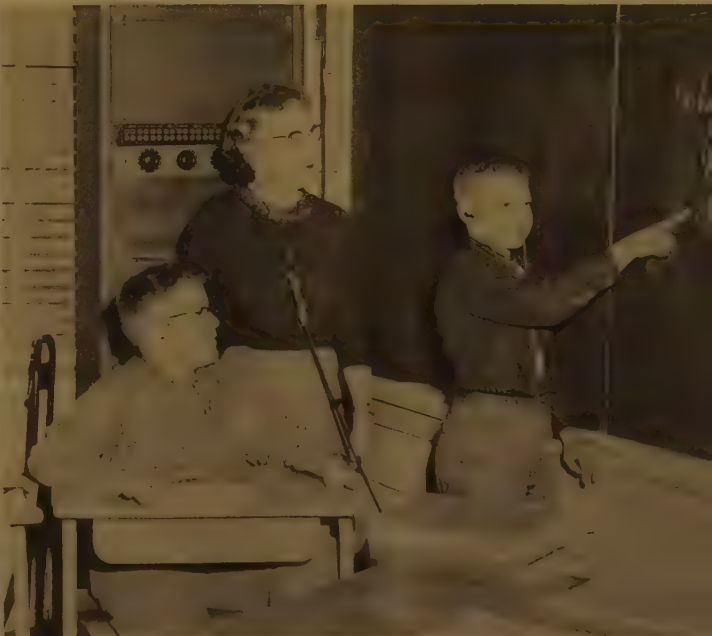
teach in Independence and Kansas City. It seemed as if her life was rounding out in a normal, happy way when she married Roger Skinner. The twin boys filled her cup to overflowing. This just could not happen—but it had!

Everyone was tearful. Nobody knew of anything to help—except Jessie's father. He said they could not take this lying down. They must do something about it. When they asked what, he said he didn't know, but they must find out.

Photos by erb, Courtesy of Central Institute for the Deaf



Speech sounds are taught to a four-year-old by the nursery school teacher. He feels the vibrations with his right hand and breath with his left hand.



A language class of deaf children in Jessie Skinner's former classroom. Note the sound box in the background and the group hearing aid being used, with receivers in both ears.

They read everything they could find, they did a lot of correspondence. Finally they decided that the best place for the boys to be was at Central Institute for the Deaf in Saint Louis, Missouri, sponsored by Washington University. They found, at the same time, that at this school a two-year training course, training the student to teach deaf children was available.

Mr. Skinner was traveling for the Townley Metal, Hardware Company.

A decision was reached. Mrs. Skinner would enroll Roger and Robert in the Central Institute, herself in the teacher-training course. Mr. Skinner would visit his family every two weeks.

It was a hard task the family had undertaken, and say family, advisedly, for back home the Griffin sisters and father were ready to help whenever and wherever they could.

Mrs. Skinner says: "The deaf child has so much to learn that we take for granted. Speech has to be developed. It isn't picked up. Language must be built word by word, sentence by sentence until a child can understand."

A deaf child learns through lip reading, observation, experiences, and reading as he gets older. He even has to think whether to put his tongue up or down for a correct consonant or vowel, and whether a consonant has voice or breath. The sign language is frowned upon.

If good study habits are established by the time the child reaches the third grade, he can make two grades a year after that. He will be ready to enter high school, as a normal child is, at fourteen years of age.

Mrs. Skinner stayed at the school as her children's teacher for ten years. When they were ready for high school, they came back to Independence and lived with their aunts and their father, graduating with honors.

Mrs. Skinner continued her teaching in St. Louis during this period and on through the boys' years at college, helping bear expenses. She finally became assistant principal at the Institute, in charge of all counselors and students living in the dormitory, also in charge of religious instruction and the department for older children, as well as teaching reading.

The twins enrolled at Tri-State College, Angola, Indiana and, there as at high school, were outstanding in sports as well as scholarship, and were well adjusted to the social life of the school.

Roger and Robert completed the four-year aeronautical course, streamlined by the government to three years, in 1945. They secured employment immediately as mathematicians in the stress department of the Lockheed Aircraft Company, Burbank, California. When the war was over, they went to the Northrop Aircraft Company, Los Angeles, doing the same type of work. They are still with this company.

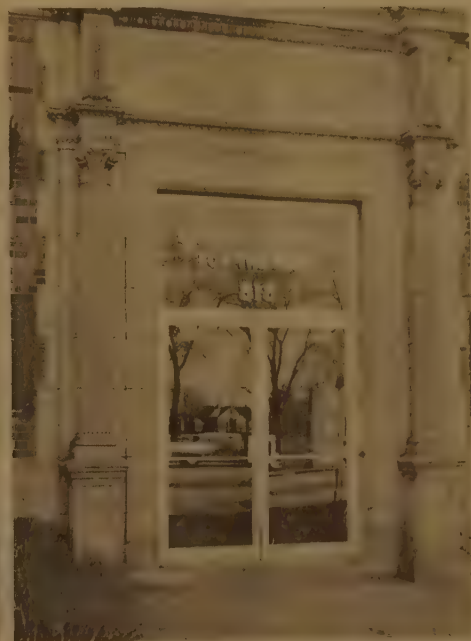
Both of the boys are married to deaf women. Robert married in 1950 and has a four-year-old daughter with normal hearing. Roger married in 1952. He has a child three years of age. She, too, has normal hearing.

Mrs. Skinner says: "About the only thing a deaf child misses is the world of music. However youngsters learn to dance by placing their hands on a piano to feel the vibrations and difference in

(Continued on page 30)



A hearing test is being given to a student of Central Institute for the Deaf in the hearing clinic. He is holding up his hand to indicate that he hears the sound.



After ten or twelve years of special education, the deaf child receives his eighth grade diploma and is equipped to be enrolled in a high school along with those who hear.

Some Love Is Found

(Continued from page 10)

silence. Art knew just what they were thinking: A Santal! Primitive people of the jungle villages! Dark-skinned, most of them illiterate. Who would give their precious blood for a Santal?

Naomi looked at their faces with a touch of pity, though her heart was pounding with tension. These poor folks, huddled in dirty, grimy railway towns, living in squalid, overcrowded quarters. Their mixed blood, English and Indian, made them misfits so often. Despised by the English, hated by the Indian, they had no place in the sun. They called themselves Christians, but many of them were secretly subject to the superstitions and fears of exotic India.

A young man stood up and said simply, "I will go, sir. I'm glad that I can do something in Jesus' name."

The group looked at Darryl Allenby with amazement. True, he had joined the church just a month ago, and had attended faithfully. The more cynical among them had claimed it was just because of his interest in pretty Dorothy Thomas. But now this!

Rather abashed, the moderator of the church arose. "I am type B. I will also give my blood to help the girl."

The dam had broken. Within seconds, twelve people volunteered, and quickly mounted their bicycles and rickshas to hurry to the hospital. Through the long hours of the night, Dr. Roy ministered to Rani, injecting stimulants directly into her heart muscle, giving her oxygen. Through the night, the twelve took their places, some giving blood, all standing by in prayer.

The doctor had spoken only once to Naomi: "Where did you get them? Don't you know they are afraid to give blood? What did you do, hypnotize them?"

"I found them at the church, Dr. Roy. They are Christians, trying to be like Him. Is she going to live, Doctor?"

"I told you it was a miracle you ever got her over that bad road alive!" He gestured toward the crowd of donors waiting. "It's a night of miracles, I begin to think! Yes, I have great hope that your Santal girl will live!"

The mournful whistles of locomotives making up steam made the Indian night seem longer than ever, Rani's breathing was labored, almost gasping at times. Her pulse grew stronger. As the Anglo-Indians took their places, giving blood to the simple village girl, Naomi recalled the words of an old hymn:

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made

Joy to abound.

So many gentle thoughts and deeds,
circling us round.

That in the darkest spot of earth,
Some love is found!¹

The story quickly spread all over Santal-land. Rani Murmu would have died had not some Anglo-Indians given her their blood. Now three months had passed, and she was strong and healthy, such a help to her pastor-husband in the village of Bromradhi.

In Khargpur, new life seemed to have been acquired because of the events of that night. The Anglo-Indians stood a little straighter, held themselves in a prouder, more purposeful way. They had sat by all these years and let the missionaries serve them. They had cared nothing for the Santal people, who were in such need of help and love. Now they were going out to Santal-land regularly, with the missionaries, doing what they could to help. Those who had given their own blood to save another's life, were the most eager to give more of themselves.

Malothi, proud in the crisp white sari of a student nurse, thought of them all: Rani, whose sweetness they had so nearly lost; Miss Knapp, whose courage and faith were a greater witness than all her deeds; Dr. Roy, in whose life was working a new understanding of Christianity; of the Anglo-Indians, who had conquered their fears and distrust in one moment of service.

She was far away from Bhimpore, from all that was known and beloved. As she crossed the threshold of the mission hospital, Malothi looked at the words over the door: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And she was glad.

¹By Adelaide A. Proctor, 1858.

Worrying over Children's Grades?

(Continued from page 13)

Sunday church school class, is an officer in his church and earns his living as professor of chemistry on a California university faculty. He has just been offered another valuable scholarship which, if he accepts, will take him to Sydney, Australia, for two years, but he still can't spell. He says, "That's why a man hires a secretary."

Sister took a Home Economics Degree, spent a year in Germany after the war, is married and with her husband and three darling daughters lives in Detroit where she can paint, cook, sew to her heart's content. She superintends a Sunday church school department and is active in civic and PTA circles. She never will be foolish over her children's grades, as her mother was. Last summer I heard her explain to her oldest daughter, "Report cards are like bank books. They record just what

you've put into your efforts. Teachers don't give grades, any more than employers give money. We can't earn same salaries, nor do we all have same obligations to meet; so, our totals are different from our neighbors. That's the way it is with grades. Some students are healthier than others. Some have aptitudes for one subject; do for another. Just do the best you can. God needs all kinds of plants to make a garden . . . even cabbage. So, you are a cabbage head, see to it you grow the best cabbage in that garden."

Nine years ago Billy graduated from Seminary. He is now a minister in Texas, teaches Greek and philosophy at a university, and no one ever has to tell him to wash behind the ears. His congregation adores him and his growing family.

Fred was drafted and served overseas. While in the army, his aptitude showed he had talent for art. He decided to develop it. To tell you the truth, he could make a living doing what he always did for fun! Today, he has a degree in art and is an art editor of a magazine published in Chicago.

Did you ever see more varied careers come out of one family? Each child has partially worked his way through college. That is education, too. Many of you see why we don't worry over their grades. We had to raise a quartette before we could appreciate that God gives each individual talents. The real thing is that we do the best with what we've got, without worrying; for worry is a confession of lack of faith in the future, in our children, and in the One who knows our every need better than we do. I had to celebrate my sixtieth birthday before I woke up; before I realized that we should be ashamed to worry over grades. Like Daughter said, "Expect the best, accept no less, be happy and proud of that best, and if it is C!"

Psychologists tell us it's harmful to a younger child to have an older brother constantly "rubbed in" on him. It makes the youngster feel unwanted, insecure, belittled; while, perhaps, in the process of driving the ego of the older one. . . . could drive love right out of the home. Remember: "Love is patient and kind, love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. . . . Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things."¹

That is why I wanted to introduce you to my family; so you wouldn't waste your precious energy and enjoyment of your children. Enjoy every minute while you can be together. Children grow up, away, too soon. Given a wholesome environment and lots of love, children come out super . . . take it from me who has been through the thrill.

¹1 Corinthians 13:4, 7.



Family Counselor

How Can This Home Be Kept Together?

Q I HAVE FOUR daughters and I am twenty-six years old. I have been married ten years. I try to be a good Christian. I did teach Sunday school but lately it's almost too much to go and take all the children (their ages are nine, five, three, and one). My husband is not a Christian and in no way helps; in fact he often hinders my going. He will not make friends with Christian people; consequently our mutual friends leave a lot to be desired. I weed out the worst ones; in fact there are only two couples we socialize with to any extent. I have many friends in church but here the friendship has to end. I sometimes feel so alone it's terrible.

We have little money and the cars are not available to me; so it's hard for me to go anywhere. I try to go to P.T.A. and circle meetings but they just can't fill that void. He went, reluctantly, to one class meeting with me, I begged so hard, but he decided they were all stuffed shirts and that was the last of that.

I know it will be easier when the children are older, but that is quite a while away. How can a wife keep her home together and keep it pleasant while there is a fence between her way of life and her husband's? I keep hoping but after ten years I'm getting so discouraged.

I ask him to go with us occasionally. I have offered to go to any church he chooses. Otherwise I don't make a big fuss about his not going.

I would very much appreciate reading your comments on this subject.

Head of Department of Religious Education,
Boston University, School of Theology, 745 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

A I AM SURE you realize there is no easy solution to your situation. You will need patience and understanding and real strength of character in the days that are ahead if you are to make your family life approximate in part, at least, what you so earnestly desire. You will continue to have many moments of discouragement but you may be able to find in the love of your children and in certain aspects of your husband's affection that which will enable you to keep on being as good a wife and mother as you possibly can be.

And now let me give some suggestions:

1. You have been very wise not to fuss with your husband because he does not go to church with you. As someone has said, "You can't scold a person into the kingdom of God." But it certainly is not nagging to suggest occasionally that you think he might like the church service on a particular Sunday. And continue to keep open the offer to go to any church that he desires.

2. Share your problem with your minister. See if he can find some men of the church whom your husband might like, and who would try to interest him in its activities. It is exceedingly important, of course, that the men should be the kind that appeal to him—that he does not think of as "stuffed shirts." But let this effort of the men of the church to interest him be their primary responsibility, not yours. You can be interested, but do not show

too much concern, lest he get the feeling that undue pressure is being put upon him. If the church is to mean anything to him, he must make the decision himself—and not be coerced into making it.

3. When you and your husband were first married, you must have had some mutual interests that you enjoyed together. Perhaps through the years, with the arrival of the children, you two have been too busy to engage in the things you enjoy doing together. See if you can discover some way to make time for them now. Let your emphasis in the home be upon your agreements, rather than upon areas in which you disagree. In other words, if your husband finds genuine satisfaction in his relationship with you, and the children, he may be more inclined to "meet you halfway" and at least go to church occasionally. In this process, to be sure, you may have to do more of the "giving" than he does, but surely it is worth the effort.

4. By all means continue your activities in the church, insofar as you are able to do so physically and as long as they do not interfere with your being a good wife and mother. If you find it necessary to give up teaching your class now, plan to take a class again as soon as you are able to do so. Your example is very important to your children. And make every sacrifice necessary in order to encourage them to take part in the activities of the church.

Daniel M. Maynard

When Are They Good?

(Continued from page 21)

power of God's love and has gained a new conception of his worth as a person.

Giving children religious training and experience is one way of helping them develop a concept of right and wrong. Their knowledge of and love for God gives them a good foundation on which to build their own faith. Parents can show through their own personal lives the best that they know of love and truth. They can give their children a home in which the power of love and forgiveness is practiced in daily relationships. Children reared in such homes are disciplined through creative forgiveness and are able to develop an inner guide which will serve them throughout their lives.

(See meeting plans on pages 22 and 23)

The Bravest Woman That I Know

(Continued from page 27)

time. Later they feel the beat through the floor." In speaking of the voice acquired by a deaf person Mrs. Skinner goes on to say: "A voice that is not guided by your ear cannot sound natural; but we try to attain an understandable speech."

In the years Mrs. Skinner spent training and teaching deaf children she has become an authority. She takes such a healthy, sensible view of deafness that she is a popular speaker on the subject, and is so willing to pass her knowledge on that she still has an avocation after resigning from the vocation that love thrust upon her. She advises an early start with corrective methods—at three or four years of age.

Mrs. Skinner warns against over pro-

tectiveness. She says: "It is very important to help deaf children become independent of others. Be encouraging and sensible. Read the *Volta Review* from Washington and take the correspondence course offered for parer by Mrs. Spencer Tracy, the actor's wife, in Los Angeles."

Mrs. Skinner went with her boys to St. Louis in 1928, when they were four years of age. She remained on her job until 1958. She stayed on that long because of a shortage of teachers and executives in her line. Her husband has taken on a desk job, they have bought a house in Independence, and resumed their rightful place in the civic church, and social life there. The word "deaf" no longer disturbs Jessie Griffin Skinner or her husband. It brings on memories of high accomplishment and success as she goes about her job of homemaking; and he, his clerical work.



by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Dog with big ears -----	107 11 81 114 42 26
B Where the old woman who had so many children lived -----	51 120 36 101
C Brave men -----	6 67 25 56 73 78
D A rope for Fido -----	54 84 59 111 27
E One of Snow White's seven friends -----	21 57 68 82 115
F Piled up -----	4 109 29 47 37 70
G Something soft to sit on --	9 53 18 1 61 5 75
H South American country --	102 48 87 91 121
I Tree whose wood is used in making baskets -----	79 43 65 92 72 96
J Dumpty's first name -----	14 90 118 23 60 93
K Grain that yields white flour -----	32 94 106 12 41
L Something you see in the sky -----	85 98 117 46 17
M He takes care of toothache -----	71 2 39 45 97 8 55
N Animals like the one Red Riding Hood met -----	3 34 99 105 80 50

O Put on weight -----	44 7 31 77 95 20
P What one who cannot hear is -----	83 28 15 63
Q Large masses of ice -----	89 122 52 103 38
R A holy person -----	66 22 112 69 119
S Shaped like a balloon -----	30 123 24 113 35
T Slowpokes -----	62 13 64 49 108 74
U Difficult -----	33 19 100 125
V Musical instruments -----	58 40 124 16 110
W Laborer -----	88 76 104 10 86 116

(Solution on inside back cover)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63
64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81
82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99
100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108
109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117
118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126



Books for the Hearthside

For Children

A new book to read to children or for beginning readers to read for themselves is **Science, Science, Everywhere!** by Ruth Cromer Weir (Abingdon Press, 1960, 48 pages, \$2.00). The story begins with Mike wanting to go on an expedition to make a BIG scientific discovery. His sister, Sue, goes along with him to carry the equipment. As they walk along they discover many things: ants, squirrels, baby rabbits, earthworms, butterflies, a new house, some road-building equipment. None of this was a big scientific discovery. When the children reached home, tired and thirsty, Sue makes the BIG discovery! Gloria Stevens' illustrations in two-colors and black and white, will add interest to the story for children.

Juniors will be thrilled with the story of the life of a great woman. **Jane Addams, World Neighbor**, by Miriam Hilbert (Abingdon Press, 1960, 128 pages, \$1.75), tells the story of this remarkable woman from early childhood to her death. Her poor health, how she was determined to receive a college degree, how she came to have a vision of service to those in need, her courage in overcoming obstacles add up to a thrilling and challenging story. Corinne Lloyd Dillon's black line drawings also add to the charm and interest of this book.

All on the Team, by Frances Fox and Mel (Abingdon Press, 1959, 126 pages, \$2.50), is a story of how friendship developed between a Protestant and a Jewish family. Terry and Eli were both new in town. Both liked baseball. They practiced together. How they, and the other boys on the school's baseball team, learned to understand and appreciate one another's religious beliefs and loyalties makes an impressive and interesting story for juniors. Girls will enjoy it as much as boys.

Six fanciful stories about animals and birds that lived in Blackberry Acres are contained in **Chandler Chipmunk's Flying Lesson**, by Patricia Miles Martin (Abingdon Press, 1960, 64 pages, \$2.50). Most of the stories are about something that one of the animals wants and how

he goes about getting it. These just-for-fun stories for children from three to seven years of age are well illustrated by Margot Locke.

For Young People

Space-science is a consuming interest of Ken Nyles, whom the reader meets in **This Random Sky** by James L. Summers (The Westminster Press, 1960, 192 pages, \$2.95). Ken is a graduate-mathematician with a fellowship in store for a year's study at Princeton. A bright future plus a pretty girl, Rae Cameron, to date during the summer—what more could a guy want! Only a few vacation days passed until Ken received a call from the ACEDA Corporation offering a summer job, the sort of opportunity a person dreams of. As Ken begins mulling over whether to accept or reject the offer, he begins to discover complications. It was like having to choose between work and his girl, for it would mean that he wouldn't be seeing much of Rae—all summer and the following eight months while at Princeton. Sacrifice, disillusionment, and the desire to be free enter the drama of Ken's life making this a truly absorbing book.

Reindeer Island by Olive Price (The Westminster Press, 1960, 158 pages, illustrated, \$2.95) tells how three thousand reindeer are taken two thousand miles—from Buckland Bay, Alaska, to Canada's Mackenzie River. For those of us who depend upon zoos for a look at reindeer, it is interesting to note how much the reindeers serve the Eskimos. The reindeers pull their loads, provide food, material for clothing and even household utensils. Eskimo mothers use reindeer skins to cover their babies and sometimes cup play-toys are carved out of a reindeer's antler.

Randy Prescott learns from Teno that Silver King—the albino reindeer that Teno and Kobuk raised from a fawn—has been trained and groomed to be a driver reindeer in the herd. Teno is too old to make the trip—is jealous because he can't go and also because Silver King, his pride and joy, will be leaving him.

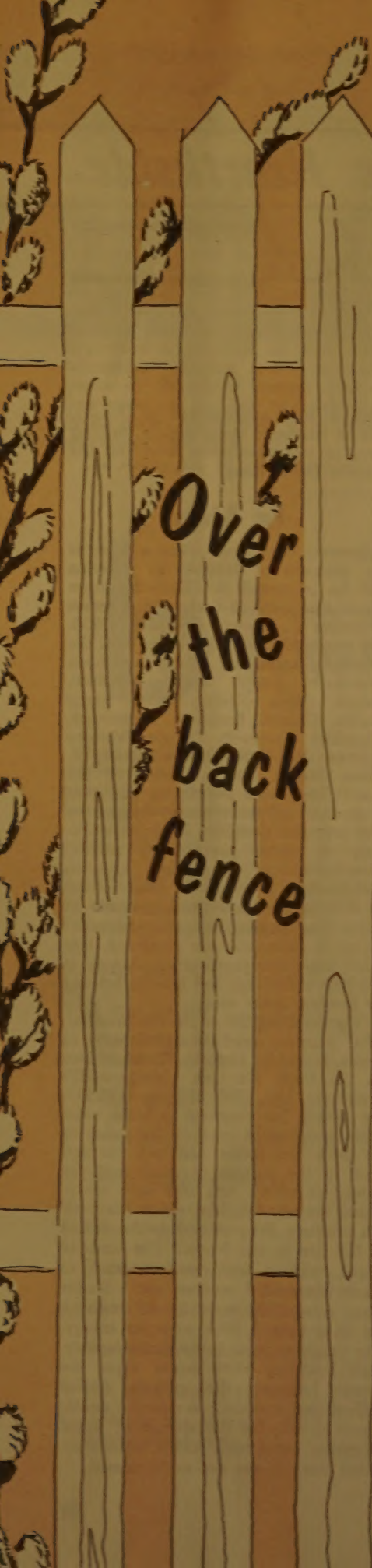
Young readers will receive from this

book a new appreciation of Alaska, and of reindeer; along with a thrilling story of two courageous boys and the beloved Silver King.

For Adults

Readers who have taken a look at the portraits of **Mothers of America** will be interested in Elizabeth Logan Davis' treatment of **Fathers of America** (Fleming H. Revell Company, 1958, 159 pages, \$2.75). In the latter book the following fathers are among the fifteen described: Joseph Ruggles Wilson, Joseph Allan Nevins, Allen Macy Dulles, Charles Frederick Menninger, Theodore Roosevelt, Dwight Whitney Morrow, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. These fathers span a period of 125 years. Their sons are representative of a diversity of outstanding occupations and interests: president, historian, secretary of state, psychiatrist, soldier, preacher-writer, evangelist, scientist, and business executive. A cross section in interest; similarity and contrasts in home life; varying economic and social status of Americans are presented. Her more important presentation, though, is the role of heritage and faith in helping to produce great men.

The inspiring life of Dr. Ida Scudder, fifty years a medical missionary in India, is told by Dorothy Clarke Wilson in the book, **Dr. Ida** (McGraw-Hill Company, Inc., 1959, 358 pages, \$5.95). At twenty, Ida returned to India, after eight growing-up years in Nebraska, to be with her father and sick mother. Full of the passion of youth and the desire to marry rich and have everything she wanted, Ida turned her back on missions. Why should she be denied a full life in the States? The birth of three children, and resultant death to their unattended mothers spoke louder than words. Ida found herself studying to be a doctor. With vigorous energy, she fought cholera, tuberculosis, leprosy, and malaria. With equal vigor she fought against the ancient Indian taboos and ignorance to establish decent medical care for the woman of India. Ranking along with Albert Schweitzer, Ida's story is one not to be missed.



Over the back fence

Her Parish Is Rural America

Occasionally Over the Back Fence feels that a new book should be given priority on this last page. So this month we call *Hearthstone* families' attention to *Pilgrim Circuit Rider*, by Leila W. Anderson (Harper & Bros., New York, 200 pages, \$4).

Nothing is more interesting than people, and Miss Anderson is "interesting people"! This book is more than a prosaic account of an interesting life; it is a record of her dedication in passionate devotion to a career of modern circuit-riding. It is further a kaleidoscopic portrayal of the changing rural scene in mid-century America, spanning from horse and buggy to a specially designed station wagon that is at once transportation, sleeping quarters, kitchen and dining room, office, and display room for Christian education materials.

Leila Anderson is a missionary for Christian education and since 1946 has surged back and forth across the continent with unquenchable enthusiasm for helping rural churches meet their responsibilities more effectively. Adventure galore has been her lot during her travels and she has met every experience and challenge with unflinching courage, quiet humor, and confident faith.

Here is a book that nearly every one in the family who can read will enjoy. It could be read aloud in the family circle very profitably. It is also a book that all church school teachers should read for the many practical ideas it contains.

This book is also a running commentary on much of what is going on around the world. Miss Anderson is not parochial-minded; she carries the world-view into every situation. Readers will rejoice at her sturdy independence and delight in her straightforward observations. As Trumann B. Douglass, administrator, puts it, "Nobody will ever 'administer' Leila Anderson"!

Youngsters (and most grownups) will like her occasional references to her traveling companion Peter Piper, the parakeet with the high I.Q. But she is accompanied by a Companion to Whom she has dedicated her life in the task of Christian education, "centering man's life on eternal values; help individuals overcome hatred by strengthening their power of love, to erase the concept of foreigner by substituting the reality of brother; and to anchor every life in God."

The book is the product of author collaboration between Miss Anderson and Harriett Harmon Dexter.

Toward Greater Understanding

Probably nothing is more needed at the human level than greater understanding among persons. Such understanding should be sought by all in every area of human experience.

In the area of economic life both personally and nationally, we need to grow toward greater understanding. A recent publication has come to our desk which will help us grow in that direction. The Conference on Economic Progress, 1001 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D.C. has issued a brief booklet entitled *The Federal Budget and "The General Welfare."* It discusses one of the primary functions of government, "to promote the general welfare." As citizens we have a responsibility to study what is meant by that phrase from the Preamble to our Constitution.

One significant area discussed in the booklet is public education which is described as first in urgency and importance. Parents whose children start or go back to school next month are deeply concerned at this point. However, since the whole future existence of our nation depends greatly upon the quality of our education, every citizen without children should be equally concerned. Fifty cents for this booklet is a good investment.

Jelly-Making Time

At jelly-making time it seems
The task will never quite be done,
As day on day I strain and boil
And fill the glasses one by one.

My shoulders sag, my feet are lead
And even pungent odors irk—
Self-pity bogs me down and then
I wish I did not have to work.

But when I view in after weeks
These jelly-jewels on the shelf,
And show them to my friends, I say
With pride, "I did it all myself!"

Inez Clark Thorson

Heard Across a Back Fence

Their voices carry on the morning breeze;
I weed my flowers and listen if I please . . .
They talk about their neighbors' ways,
Rehash the teen-agers' latest craze,
Remark Smiths' washing's none too white,
And Jones's front yard is an awful sight,
And aren't the Johnson kids such brats,
And don't the Greenes just fight like cats?

They seem to know just who's been where,
How Mrs. Brown should fix her hair,
How much the Claytons are in debt . . .
But here's one thing I just don't get:
When do they ever find the time
To keep their own households in line?

Jenny Maxwell

Poetry Page

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 30)

SOLUTION: "He who has clean hands and a pure heart, who does not lift up his soul to what is false, and does not swear deceitfully. He will receive blessing from the LORD" (Ps. 24:4-5).

The Words

A	Beagle	L	Cloud
B	Shoe	M	Dentist
C	Heroes	N	Wolves
D	Leash	O	Fatten
E	Dwarf	P	Deaf
F	Heaped	Q	Floes
G	Cushion	R	Saint
H	Chile	S	Round
I	Willow	T	Snails
J	Humpty	U	Hard
K	Wheat	V	Horns

W Toiler

Retarded Child

Small angel unaware, eternal child,
Stands still in time. Her span of mortal day
Is as the flicker of the sun, beguiled
By fragmentary thought that flits away.
The years allotted to her pass in play.
But in the day when all the broken are made whole,
Then may her small mind meet the measure of her soul!

Mildred Lescarboursa Greene

BOOKS WITH

IMPACT ARRIVE LIKE JUNIOR TO CAPTURE YOU

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